

# ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Vol. XIII.—No. 10.  
Copyright, 1894, by PETER FENELON COLLIER.  
All rights reserved.

NEW YORK, JUNE 16, 1894.

JUN 18 1894

TERMS:—\$6.50 PER YEAR.  
Including Premium Volumes and 20  
Bound Novels. (See page 2.)



"HERE WE GO ROUND AND ROUND."

(From the picture by W. H. BARTLETT.)

# ONCE A WEEK

551-547 West Thirteenth Street,  
510-524 West Fourteenth Street,  
NEW YORK CITY.

## TERMS:

ONCE A WEEK, one year, twenty-six paper-covered books (New Novels), and choice of any set of premium books, including works of Irving, Balzac's "Human Comedy," William Carleton; or, "Capitals of the Globe," a superb centre-table volume, marbled edges and profusely illustrated..... \$6.50  
In Canada, British Columbia and Manitoba (including freight and duty on premium books)..... \$7.50

ONCE A WEEK, exclusive of twenty-six paper-covered volumes of Library and the premium books, per year, in United States and Canada..... \$4.50

ONCE A WEEK Library, without the newspaper, twenty-six volumes per year..... \$2.50

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

Subscribers' names will be removed from our mail list at the expiration of their subscription, unless they have previously notified us of their desire to renew for another year.

Subscribers will please take notice that one to three weeks must necessarily elapse—dependent upon the distance from New York—from the date of subscription until they receive the first paper sent by mail. The reason is obvious. A subscriber's name is forwarded to the branch office, thence to the head office in New York. At the head office it is registered, and then duly mailed.

Should ONCE A WEEK fail to reach a subscriber weekly, notice should be sent to the publication office, ONCE A WEEK Building, No. 523 West 13th Street, New York, when the complaint will be thoroughly investigated. This can be readily done by sending a "tracer" through the post-office. The number of the paper and the number on the wrapper should be given.

## PETER FENELON COLLIER.

No. 523 West 13th Street, New York.

Communications in reference to manuscripts, or connected with the literary department, should be addressed to "ONCE A WEEK."

Rejected manuscripts will not be returned hereafter unless stamps are forwarded with the same for return postage. Bulky manuscripts will be returned by express.

We don't want short stories. All correspondents who send us short stories or poems will be expected to keep copies thereof. We cannot be responsible for their return.

In answering advertisements appearing in the columns of this paper, our readers are particularly requested to always state that they saw the advertisement in ONCE A WEEK.

The publisher will keep the advertising columns free from all objectionable advertisements as far as possible and will not guarantee anything which may appear as paid advertising matter.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1894.

# ALL AMONG OURSELVES

FOREST FIRES! How little the two words convey to the average reader. Only trees burning, flame and smoke. But back of these are undreamed-of tragedies.

YES, tragedies, and quite a series of tragedies, consequent upon the careless firing of woods, have been enacted within half-a-day's journey of New York, in the forests of Northern Pennsylvania. The recent rains stayed a destruction as fateful as it was wicked. For weeks fires had been raging through the forests of Pike and some of the adjoining counties, whose uplands consist of chains of wooded hills long since given over in the main to the tie-cutter, the trout-fisher, the deer-stalker, and the occasional teamster. In a spirit of malicious revenge or of criminal carelessness the forests on these hillsides had been fired, and the young of the deer, that had fawned in April, the hen pheasants on their nests, the young rabbits, the squirrels, the song-birds and game birds have perished, in consequence, by the hundred. Such a tragedy of the forests has not been known since a band of four hundred elk was rounded up and slaughtered in the mountains of Colorado.

BACK from the beautiful valley of the Delaware, which stretches from Masthope, in Lackawaxen, past Port Jervis, Matamoras, Dingman's Ferry and Egypt Mills to Bushkill, Pike County is largely barren, and on those barrens, once well grown in oak, maple, birch, pine, spruce, chestnut, hickory and elm trees, game in great profusion might flourish to-day were it not for the recurrence of the forest fires which, this spring, have been more dreadful than for seventeen years past. Hundreds of thousands of acres have been burned over, and the game-birds and animals have perished, in most cases, with the young trees and the undergrowth.

ONE evening a man, or a creature in man's clothing, fires the dry oak leaves which have been beaten into the underbrush in compact mass by last winter's storms, and converted to tinder by two months of parching wind and rainless sky. Presto! The low blaze creeps and curls along the ground, and the little puffs of smoke which are soon to overcast the sky for miles and miles, in one misty cloud, send up danger signals. But there is no forest fire brigade, and all night the flames gain headway. By morning the damage is done, and the fire is practically beyond control.

INTELLIGENT men in Pike County do not hesitate to say that this fire, like many of its predecessors in other years, was the result of "spite-work." In old times the forests were on "Grandfather's land." There were in comparatively recent times large tracts of Government land on the hills. Anybody who chose could go in and cut hoop-poles, or ties. Every available chestnut tree and oak and elm was cut up into railroad ties, hauled to the river and floated to market long ago. By-and-by the hills began to be bought up, shooting and fishing clubs formed preserves, like Blooming Grove Park and Forest Park, which are largely New York enterprises,

the latter being the property of Mr. J. M. Ottenheimer of No. 1 Broadway. Thrifty land-owners along the river, such as J. E. Nyce, at Egypt Mills, and Randal Van Gorden, at Dingman's Ferry, began to look about for the preservation of their trout-brooks from illegal raids. Law came to be enforced, and the upland marauders became enraged. They "fired the woods" in revenge, and every time a trespass notice faced them in wood and creek they dropped another match or a fresh cigar-butt into the dry leaves.

THE Hawaiian republic, oligarchy, or whatever it is that our friend President Dole has down there, is starting out well as an independent government. The Hawaiian steamship *Iralani*, Captain King, started from Honolulu two hours ahead of the British cruiser *Champion* in a race to take possession of the island of Necker. Captain King arrived there first, hoisted the Hawaiian standard, and took formal possession. The island is only half a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide. England wanted it for a cable landing. Captain King returned to Honolulu May 29. The *Champion*, on May 30, came back with the marine story that she had been out for gun practice. Captain King is Minister of the Interior under Dole.

THE Hawaiian Constitutional Convention seems inclined to establish a strong government much in the nature of an oligarchy, or at best a military republic. The suffrage will be narrowly restricted and the planters will have full power to import Asiatic labor. If Hawaii ever becomes a full representative republic like our own, it will be after the population becomes equal to such responsibility.

A FEW weeks since ONCE A WEEK called upon Congress to relieve the suspense of the people of the Islands, caused by the Royalist rumors to the effect that this country might yet interfere to restore the Queen, who would then wreak bloody vengeance upon her enemies. The Senate resolution, favoring non-interference, shortly afterward, was the merest act of justice. The demoralization caused in Hawaii by the silence of our Government must have been intolerable. This country is much to blame, as it is, for allowing it to continue as long as it did. But better late than never—in this case, very little better.

ASSOCIATION with sporting matters and manly exercises always doubly endears great public characters to the mass of people. Lord Rosebery is a remarkable instance of this. However sound his policy may be concerning questions of prime importance to the British nation, however well calculated to win him popular applause, there is no doubt under the sun that, had his beautiful three-year-old, Ladas, lost the Derby the other day, there would have been a marked decline in his popularity. So now there is a marked upward bound in his popularity. In public estimation "Rosy" is the child of good luck—one of those fortunate human beings singled out by Providence for special favors in almost every field. How strange it is to reflect that this success of his horse Ladas, in carrying off the blue ribbon of the Derby, may do more to bolster up for some time longer the tottering makeshift Ministry than a score of masterly coups in the field of diplomacy.

WHEN Rosebery became Prime Minister I recalled the story of his own confident prediction of what would happen. I mean his prediction, while he was yet a boy at Eton, that he would marry the richest heiress in England, that he would become Prime Minister, and, lastly, that he would win the Derby. Well, "Rosy" has already verified all these predictions. His bride was Hannah Rothschild, he succeeded Gladstone as chief of the Liberal party and Prime Minister, and now he carries off the honors of the Derby, with Princess Maud among the spectators and her father at the head of the throng of congratulators! What next? Ay, what next! "Rosy" has captured the Radical fancy, and is enshrined in the Radical heart, no matter what Labby and the rest may say to the contrary. The hard-fisted workmen glory in the achievements of titled democrats like Rosebery, and Jaimes is very apt to remind 'Arry now how he "said so, you know," and to predict "as 'ow, you know, Rosy's bound to go 'igher hup, you know." It savors of disloyalty, of course; but the average British workman of these days is not over-loyal according to the standard of loyalty prevalent twenty-five years ago. And what Jaimes now wants 'Arry to understand is that Rosy is bound to marry a princess and become king. But, hallo! Let's pull up there!

M. TURPIN is not a traitor, after all, if the cable is to be believed. Three French journalists went, it seems, to Brussels and persuaded the great inventor that, to give his electric mitrailleuse to the Germans, would be to sell his country for filthy lucre. Whereupon Turpin embraced the three journalists, shed tears, and declared he would give all to his dear country. And he did—at least, the cable states that he turned over all his plans, diagrams and explanations to the journalistic trio, bidding them to present the valuables to the French Government. *Sacre tonnerre? what you say to zat?* Is it not *magnifique*? All of Offenbach's heroes are not dead yet.

PERHAPS you have never heard of Onehunga? The more shame 'tis. Onehunga is a progressive town in New Zealand where victorious woman has got her heel on the neck of the tyrant man, and where, dressed in the full authority of the Chief Magistrate, she rules the public councils with the mighty power of her tongue. "Don't answer me back," and "I am the person to dictate here, not you," are samples of the *manière d'agir et de parler* of this Lady Mayoress whenever an obstreperous male member of the Town Council lifts up a feeble murmur of opposition to her views. One of the smart English weeklies, commenting on the situation in Onehunga, remarks that "the emancipators of Onehunga must feel very much as Frankenstein did after he had realized the dire result of his too-successful experiment." Isn't that rather piling on the agony? Is it fair to describe the tender maiden and matron using the ballot as like unto Frankenstein's monster?

WHICH reminds me that Webster's big Dictionary, unabridged, is not reliable in some of its information. At least some of its editions—that of 1878, and equally that of 1891—are quite wrong in their explanatory note of Frankenstein, in stating that Frankenstein is "a monster constructed by a young student of physiology out of the horrid remnants of the churchyard and dissecting room." Frankenstein was the student who made the monster in Mrs. Shelley's fearful story. Dictionaries should not make such monstrous blunders. To have allowed such a blunder to continue in a standard work like Webster's from 1878 to 1892 is enough to shake one's faith in its entire reliability.

NOWHERE else except in this country is such a career possible as that of the late Rodman M. Price, ex-Governor of New Jersey. He gave to the country a long and honorable public service; but the later years of his life were embittered by a fierce litigation; and, strange to say, that litigation would not have been possible were it not for an exceptional service rendered to the Government, as Naval Agent in California, between 1848 and 1850.

DURING these two years Price advanced money to pay many claims against the Government. His demand for reimbursement was resisted until finally, in 1892, Congress awarded him forty-six thousand two hundred and four dollars. Years before, the widow of Samuel Forest had secured a judgment of twenty thousand dollars against him for alleged mismanagement of her husband's estate in California. While the Congressional award was pending Mrs. Forest obtained an injunction from Chancellor McGill of New Jersey restraining Price from using any of the money until her judgment was satisfied. He defied the injunction, was declared in contempt of court, and was therefore obliged to keep out of New Jersey. He continued, however, to visit his daughter in Bergen County on Sundays. Venturing into the State on a week day, he was imprisoned in default of bail, not long ago, at Hackensack. Shortly before his death he gave the required bail and died a free man.

AND it is matter of history that were it not for Rodman M. Price California might to-day be a British possession. The night before Commodore Sloat took formal possession of that Mexican province Price stayed with him until 2 A.M., imploring him to land and take possession. This was at Monterey in June, 1846. His entreaties finally prevailed. Five days later an English frigate arrived. The Admiral assured Sloat that if he had not raised the Stars and Stripes, the Union Jack would have been run up. On board of the English frigate was an English priest, Father McNamara, who had begun negotiations with the Mexican authorities for a large tract of land upon which ten thousand Irish emigrants were to settle. Colonies were to have been formed at Santa Barbara, San Francisco Bay and Monterey. The Mexican War, of course, resulted in the cession of California and other territory to the Union for fifteen million dollars; but had not possession been taken in June, 1846, by Sloat at Monterey, matters would have been much complicated afterward. Despite the unpleasantness of his last days in New Jersey, the country owes a debt of gratitude to Rodman M. Price for this and other important services.

WHAT'S the matter with the European Cabinets? Scarcely are they made than they fall to pieces again. France, Italy, Bulgaria, Hungary and—well, no, not England quite yet—have each shaken their Cabinets to pieces within a few weeks. The last on the list was the Italian patchwork constructed by that old political artisan, Crispi, who has just resigned. Time was when these Cabinet crises affected the money market and caused general anxiety. But now they come and go with scarcely a ripple on the financial surface and no anxiety about political *equilibria*. That is as it should be. But if the immense standing armies were also shaken asunder how much better for the whole world. Imitate us over here, and see how smoothly things will work! Sixty millions of citizens here and only a small army of twenty-five thousand soldiers to keep things in order. What a lesson for the Old World!



THE Coxe industrial armies are once more in the newspapers, after a prolonged obscurity. The Massillon man himself offered, at last accounts, "to quit" if the Washington authorities would let him out of jail.

THE movement, as I said at the start, was not as serious as some ultra conservative people thought. Neither was it all a farce, nor a picnic for the industrials; nor yet a menace to public order.

THE most that can be said of the Coxe movement is, that it is an indication of an unrecognized factor in the social and industrial situation. We know now that it is a mistake to allow any body of men, not specially chosen by the people, to take into their own hands the regulation of great economic difficulties. We know, also, that there are, in every part of the country, many earnest extremist men who, as leaders, would be decidedly dangerous, indeed, if the great mass of the people were not so eminently level-headed. We must bear in mind, in this connection, that the great mass of the American people may not always remain so good-natured and cool and law-abiding, especially if they are allowed to settle all their own disputes with capital—if they are compelled to do so, in fact, by the neglect of legislators; also that immigration for the last fifteen or twenty years has added a new element never before very potent in our industrial life.

THIRTY THOUSAND penniless miners in Sicily threaten to invade the rural districts and destroy the crops. They claim that if they are condemned to hunger, others must share their sufferings. All over the continent of Europe business is prostrated. The condition of the working classes is everywhere attracting the attention of governments. In England the industrial situation at present is more favorable than in any other country in the world.

I COMMENT these figures to the attention of every intelligent citizen. In the last five months the Bank of England has gained in gold \$56,000,000; the Bank of France \$14,000,000; the Bank of Austro-Hungary less than \$1,000,000; the Bank of Germany about \$19,000,000, though a large part of this sum is believed to be in silver; the Banks of Spain, Holland and Belgium about \$3,500,000. European banks in these countries have gained \$93,500,000 in gold since the beginning of the year, \$40,200,000 of which was exported from this country.

THE banks of New York City held, January 1, about \$106,000,000 in gold; on Saturday, June 2, they held \$99,018,600 in gold, a loss of about \$7,000,000. The United States Treasury held in free gold \$80,891,600 January 1; on June 1 probably \$75,000,000, showing a loss of about \$6,000,000. Thus New York banks and the Treasury have contributed about \$13,000,000 of the \$40,000,000 of gold exported. The great Interior therefore exported \$27,000,000 of gold to help to make up the \$93,500,000 gained by the European banks. We must also bear in mind that the Treasury borrowed \$50,000,000 on the recent issue of bonds.

THE French Chamber of Deputies, June 7, unanimously approved the declaration of the Dupuy Ministry, that they would defend the rights of France against English encroachments, in the Congo countries, in Siam and in Egypt at all hazards. French troops have been sent to defend the territory claimed by the Congo State and disputed by France. It was announced by M. Hanotoux, Minister of Foreign Affairs, that other troops would be sent soon; also that England had expressed a willingness to discuss with France—peaceably, of course—all pending questions concerning Africa. It is quite evident that enemies of England are in control at present in the French Chamber of Deputies as well as in the Ministry. There is a faint speck of war-cloud in this; but as we are in the age of armed peace, England will probably have her own way in the African affair—as she has already in Egypt and Siam. And yet, the French Deputies are very determined and emphatic in their utterances.

THE swiftest cruiser of them all is the *Minneapolis*. She left Cramps' Shipyard in Philadelphia at 9:10 A.M., June 5, on her trial trip, with Captain R. W. Sargeant in command and a crew of 407 men. The start was made in a driving rainstorm, but that did not hurt the cruise a bit; but slow progress was made until Philadelphia was passed. The shoal places were passed at a seven-knot gait. Passing Chester the Delaware widened, the engines were opened and the *Minneapolis* went seventeen knots an hour, and in one stretch of seven miles she spurted at a nineteen-knot pace. Delaware Breakwater was reached at 5 P.M., the run of 105 miles being made in seven hours and fifty minutes from the yards. At 6:30 A.M. on the 6th the *Minneapolis* steamed out to sea for a day's trial of her engines. With two engines and two screws she made twenty-one miles in one hour and thirty-five minutes. On the fourth and last run of the day, she made 21.26 knots an hour on the run out to Northeast Light; on the run in to Five Fathom Bank Light the new cruiser developed a speed of 21.70 knots. There was not a hot pin, bearing or

journal, and the machinery ran perfectly smooth and steady. A broom at the foretopmast and the figures 21.75 painted in big white letters on the funnel of the *Minneapolis*, as she steamed back up the Delaware River on the afternoon of the 7th, told every craft in the river and the crowds on the shore the result of the trial off the Capes. The United States Government has another ship superior in speed to any vessel possessed by other nations. That 21.75 was not an error on the funnel. This was made under forced draught on the morning of the 7th, off the Capes, in comparatively shallow water and with anthracite coal, the three engines running continuously. The Cramps are overjoyed at the phenomenal success of the trial.

THE day of the Sunday newspaper is not yet, in Canada. Mr. Charlton has fought persistently in the House for his Sabbath observance bill, and to some extent has come out victorious. An amendment to Clause 1 was passed last week in committee, the section now reading as follows:

"Whoever shall on the Lord's day engage in the sale, distribution or circulation of a newspaper shall be guilty of an indictable offense."

A further amendment was passed, permitting a postmaster to distribute papers on Sunday, that being the only day, in many rural districts, when farmers are able to call at the post-office for their mail matter. Mr. Charlton attributes to the influence of the Sunday paper "the depths of moral degradation to which the United States has been dragged, and desires to strangle the monster in its infancy" before Canada has sunk to a similar level. Has Mr. Charlton overlooked the fact that the "monster" finds its way over the border to many individual subscribers, and does he discountenance the reading of Sunday papers on Monday? The question of the morality or immorality of publishing Sunday papers is about as deep as the degradation to which, according to Mr. Charlton, they have dragged down the American people.

THAT staid and respectable organ, the *New York Times*, is authority for the statement that a syndicate has been formed in more than one European city, for the sole purpose of furnishing capital to pauper noblemen of no reputation, who agree to come to this country, marry rich American girls and afterward divide the profits of the venture with their financial backers. If this be true, the fact cannot be too widely published. Not only should the vigilance of American parents be aroused, and the safety of their daughters and their ducats insured against the designs of the "traditionally saturated" but broken-down aristocrats of Europe, but a sense of national pride should actuate all persons in authority to resent the indignity to the American people implied by the formation of this impertinent syndicate. A good man is none the less worthy of an American woman because he happens to belong to the British nobility, but a bankrupt baron or a profligate peer is no mate for the fair and spotless daughters of this republic.

#### ANDREW LANG ON HAGGARD.

MR. ANDREW LANG is one of those accomplished men of letters who seem to do everything in the way of writing with equal facility. He is not only a poet of distinction, but also a brilliant essayist and an able critic. In the latter capacity he is perhaps more feared than loved, as his trenchant satire has dealt some deadly blows to aspiring authors, and even rankled in the breasts of some already known to fame. He has not hesitated to tell unpleasant truths to Zola, Tolstoi, Marie Bashkirtseff, and our own Howells. One of Mr. Lang's first favorites among writers of fiction is Rider Haggard, whom he quickly recognized as a great novelist, and whose tales of battle, murder and sudden death he has warmly and frequently eulogized. It speaks well for the literary quality of Mr. Haggard's novels that they should command the admiration of such a gourmet in letters as Mr. Lang. The author of "King Solomon's Mines" is well known as a writer of powerful imagination, possessing marvelous faculty of invention; but he is none the less a finished writer, a master of language, and a model of a clear and brilliant style.

#### A CLEVER WOMAN'S OPINION OF RIDER HAGGARD'S NOVELS.

THE popular and always charming writer, Miss Agnes Repplier, contributes to the current number of *Lippincott's Magazine*, a very sagacious little article entitled "The Passing of the Essay." Miss Repplier proves conclusively that, notwithstanding the ominous-sounding predictions and warnings of certain self-appointed watchmen of literature, the essay has no more "passed away" than the novel of romance has given way to the realistic and psychological fiction of the day. *Propos* of the popular novel Miss Repplier writes: "Never was there a day when romantic writers sprang so rapidly and so easily into fame. Stevenson leads the line, but Conan Doyle and Stanley Weyman follow close behind, while as for Mr. Rider Haggard, he is a problem which defies any reasonable solution. The fabulous prices paid by syndicates for his tales, the thousands of readers who wait breathlessly from week to week for the carefully doled-out chapters, the humiliating fact that 'She' is as well known throughout two continents as 'Robert Elsmere'—these incontrovertible witnesses of success would seem to indicate that what people really hunger for is not realism, nor sober truthfulness,

but the maddest and wildest impossibilities which the human brain is capable of conceiving."

Remember, ONCE A WEEK has the sole right of publishing Rider Haggard's novels in America. The subscribers to the Library, therefore, enjoy an immense advantage over other readers, as they are enabled to see these masterly works of fiction on their first appearance, and at an incredibly trifling cost.

#### DOWN WITH THE INCOME TAX!

THE meeting held in this city on the evening of June 1, in Carnegie Music Hall, was called at the instance of leading business men of the metropolis to protest against the passage of the income tax. The lines are distinctly drawn on the subject, as far as the daily papers of the city are concerned. The *World* is fighting the battle for the income tax single handed. The Music Hall meeting received a letter from Senator Hill, in which he stated that he would oppose the measure to the bitter end. The resolutions adopted at the meeting were vigorous and unequivocal. In the present mood and "situation" of Congress the income tax will not be defeated unless the pending tariff reform legislation, as a whole, is rejected; but the Carnegie Hall meeting ask for the rejection of the income tax feature at all hazards—and this, too, without any distinction of party lines among the prominent men who adopted the resolutions with a unanimous vote.

#### "1492 UP TO DATE"

is having a marvelous run, and the end is not yet even foreshadowed. Every night something new is added. Walter H. Jones and John H. Keefe as the tramp and Ruben Hayseed seem to be supplied with inexhaustible funds of wit and merriment that "bring down the house" every night. Mr. Rice, the clever manager, has produced something that should be seen of all Americans. The Living Pictures alone are well worth the price of admission.

#### THE MUSICAL COMPETITION.

THE number of competitors for the two prizes offered by ONCE A WEEK, one of seventy-five dollars for the best setting of Mrs. Browning's poem, "Sleeping and Watching," the other of fifty dollars for the best musical composition on any other popular theme, was exactly fifty. Of these the work of two was received too late, and hence was not entered in the competition. The remaining forty-eight were submitted for examination to two gentlemen of the highest standing in the musical world here—Mr. Alexander Lambert, Director of the New York College of Music, and Mr. Herbert Wilber Greene, secretary and treasurer, and principal of the Department of Voice, in the Metropolitan College of Music. In the event of a divergence of opinion on the part of these two gentlemen, it was intended to submit the music to a third critic of authority; but, as will be seen from the letters printed below, Mr. Lambert and Mr. Greene are perfectly agreed in their decisions, though neither knew the other's opinion. Both these letters will, no doubt, be read with great interest, not only by all the competitors for the prizes, but by every student and lover of music. They are as follows:

NEW YORK COLLEGE OF MUSIC,  
128 AND 130 EAST 58TH STREET,

NEW YORK, June 4, 1894.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK":

I have examined very carefully the numerous compositions submitted for your prize competitions, and in my opinion the first prize should be awarded to the "Lullaby" by Mr. H. A. Higby. Mr. Higby's song is simple, pleasing and true to the character of a "Lullaby." I think Mr. Higby will find in looking once more over his song that by changing the first F in the thirteenth bar to that of an octave lower a singer would find it easier to sing. As it

is now  it is rather difficult.

This way  it is quite easy.

A very clever "Lullaby" has been submitted by Mr. W. J. Gracey. I regret to say that among the compositions submitted for second prize none was good enough to receive that distinction. Trusting that my selection will meet with the approval of the other gentlemen of the committee and congratulating "ONCE A WEEK" upon the encouragement its competition has given to young composers, I am, Very truly yours, ALEX. LAMBERT.

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE OF MUSIC,  
19 AND 21 EAST 14TH STREET,

NEW YORK CITY, June 7, 1894.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK":

I have given the compositions in both series a careful looking over and there is no doubt whatever that Mr. H. A. Higby is entitled to the prize of \$50 for the best original setting of the "Lullaby."

Marking the compositions on the scale of ten, out of the thirty-eight only ten of them were really worthy of any notice whatsoever. Van Adeluy Blakeley and Parrott received six points, Steinway Pontius and Gracey scored seven, Springer and Foole eight, J. S. nine, and Higby ten. It will be seen that J. S. gave Higby a close rub for the first place, but the careless manner in which the words were adjusted to his very excellent melody, and better accompaniment, cost him the first position.

Higby's points were taken on his excellent musicianship, consistent treatment of the subject, graceful harmonization and a general tone in his work indicating his contact with good models in modern and classical music, and, at the same time, creditable originality.

I should strongly advise withholding the second prize of \$50. The compositions submitted were inferior in all respects: the only really creditable piece of writing being the "Menuetto" on a familiar theme by Blakeley. This proves one point very conclusively, viz.: that it is a difficult thing for writers to find words with which to express their musical ideas, as you received only ten numbers where the competitors were privileged to select their own words against thirty-eight where the words were supplied.

I shall be glad to write more at length upon this subject if you desire. I return the compositions by bearer.

Yours sincerely,

H. W. GREENE.

The prize of seventy-five dollars for the best Lullaby is, therefore, awarded to Mr. H. A. Higby of Denison, Tex., and the prize of fifty dollars is withdrawn, in accordance with the original announcement, none of the compositions entered being considered worthy of the prize. The Lullaby written by Mr. Higby will be published in the next number of ONCE A WEEK, as also the portraits of the two gentlemen who kindly lent their valuable services on the committee.

#### NOT HIS COMPLAINT.

Jinks—"Is it true that Slawter gets a pension for the breath he lost in running away from the Reds?"

Filkins—"Oh, no; he didn't lose any breath, or he never could keep up blowing about his deeds as he does now."

## THE HELIOGRAPH IN WAR

THE evening of June 5, 1886, was an eventful one at the military post of Fort Myer, which crowns the Arlington Heights across the river from Washington. Fort Myer was then the training school of the Signal Corps, and at that time, in addition to the usual complement of officers, instructors and permanent party men, or "P.P.'s" as the boys called them, there was stationed there a meteorological class undergoing instruction, and a class of thirty young men being especially trained for the signaling duties of the service, who were known as "Military Signalists." To this latter class the writer then belonged.

While "retreat" was sounding the mail orderly had ridden over to the adjutant's office, and the evening ceremony was hardly over before the information was being passed from group to group of the men scattered over the parade that the Apache war, then going on in Arizona and New Mexico, was getting exciting, and that General Miles had asked the Chief Signal Officer for a detail of Signalmen to aid, with the heliograph, or sun telegraph, in the almost superhuman task of running the hostiles down.

The Chiricahua and Warm Springs Apaches, who were then on the warpath, were probably as savage, bloodthirsty and dangerous a tribe of men as ever inhabited this earth. For centuries they had been the implacable enemy of the paleface, and their history was one continuous page of butchery and torture. Being of superb physique and unequalled as climbers, able to subsist upon mice, seeds and desert vegetation, and, when hard pressed, to go many hours without food or drink of any kind, it had been found impossible to dislodge them from their mountain fastnesses, which



W. W. NEIFERT.  
In charge of Heliograph Station No. 8 during Apache War.

at my station on Mount Baldy, seven thousand feet high—the highest peak of the Santa Rita Mountains.

"From Mount Baldy a most magnificent view was obtainable. In that dry atmosphere one could see a surprising distance. We could plainly see the city of Nogales, just across the Mexican line, thirty-five miles away. One hundred miles to the west rose the peak of Barber Keever, while to the east, one hundred and twenty miles, we could easily see Helen's Dome, at the base of which lay Fort Bowie.

"The way the latter peak got its name is rather interesting. Would you like to hear it? It seems that, about 1867, there was an army officer stationed near

ward got the drop on poor Mike. Did they kill him? Well, rather.

"Of course our station was on the very highest point on Mount Baldy. Our camp, which was a dugout, covered with a Sibley tent—a very comfortable arrangement, by the way—was two hundred feet lower. For water, we had to go to Josephine Cañon, where the hostiles in previous wars had made many determined stands. It was a quarter of a mile from camp, but the fine spring there well repaid our trouble. The very first night we arrived, as one of our men was drinking at the spring, he heard a noise near him and jumped for his carbine just in time to drop a big cinnamon bear that was making for him. Meat will keep for weeks in that climate, so we had bar' meat on our menu for many days after that. A long time afterward I was caught down at the spring without my gun by a she-bear and two cubs, and had to do some tall sprinting to get away. By the time I came back with my carbine the old lady and her young ones had disappeared.

"Two of my escort could work the heliograph, so, as only two operators had to be on duty at the same time, we each had every third day to ourselves, which we put in hunting, writing, or in any way the spirit moved us.

"The mirrors of our heliographs were fastened to fixed posts, instead of the tripods generally used, and, as nothing but the clouds casting shadows over us stopped operations, we worked very steadily as long as daylight lasted. We got off "stuff" at a rate of from ten to fifteen words a minute. Slow time on a "Morse" wire, but it beat flagging all hollow; for the best average time that can be made flagging is about two words a minute, to say nothing of the exertion required to swing a ten-foot pole all day.

Our station was No. 8 in the chain of communication between the field and headquarters. Station No. 7 was Fort Huachuca, thirty-seven miles distant, and station No. 9 was Tubac, A. T., twelve miles away. Station No. 18 was afterward established out of the chain, at the nearest telegraph office at Crittenden. It was the duty of the two operators to look out for these stations, receive messages from them and forward them in the proper direction, by the heliographs, which flashed and obscured the sun's rays in a code similar to that used by ordinary telegraph operators. The assistant, every twenty minutes, swept the horizon in every direction with a powerful glass. The clouds of dust raised by the



GERONIMO AND HIS BAND LEAVING ARIZONA FOR FLORIDA.



GERONIMO AND HIS BAND IN CAMP.

extended over an area of six hundred miles north and south, and four hundred miles east and west.

Notwithstanding the dangerous character of the service before them, nearly every member of the two classes was extremely anxious to form one of the squad soon to start for Arizona, and the result of the competitive tests in the use of the signaling apparatus was awaited with the keenest interest. A week later the five young men who had won the coveted detail stepped into the ambulance that was to convey them to the train, and as they swung out of sight around the officers' quarters, the stay-at-homes gave them as hearty a cheer as could be expected of restless youths condemned to months more of tactics, "Manual of Signaling," and mess-hall fare.

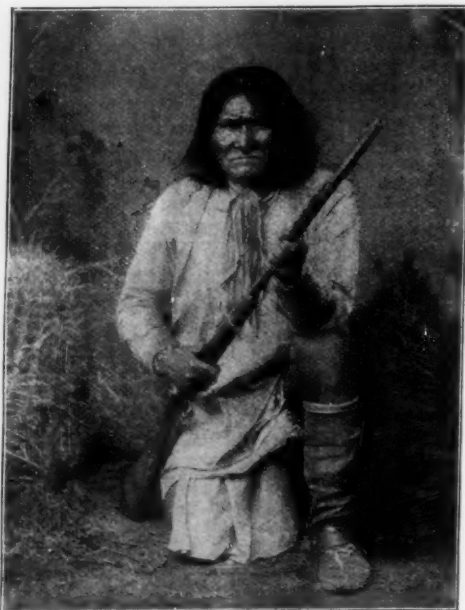
The whirligig of time and the orders of the Signal Corps and the Weather Bureau have finally landed one of the elect, W. W. Neifert of Wilkes Barre, Pa., in charge of the important Weather Bureau cable station at Vineyard Haven, Mass., where, not long since, the writer had the pleasure of renewing the acquaintance broken off some eight years ago. After the ordinary salutations had been exchanged, the conversation naturally drifted around to the Geronimo campaign, of which Mr. Neifert said:

"After leaving you boys at Fort Myer we began to realize the true nature of the undertaking before us. The papers that we bought en route were eagerly scanned for Indian news, and when we rolled into Bowie station, on the Southern Pacific Railroad, some six days later, I tell you, we were a solemn crowd. I haven't been so solemn since. We took stage from the station to Fort Bowie, some fourteen miles distant, the trail leading over the old stage road from St. Louis to California, and through the famous Apache Pass, where so many travelers have met their death at the hands of the very tribe which we had come out to fight; and, as the driver had caught on to the facts in our case, he told some of the most blood-curdling yarns you ever heard, and I was mighty glad when the friendly walls of Fort Bowie loomed up. Here our party was separated, each man being sent to some one of the different peaks where permanent stations were to be established. After three days spent at Bowie, where the wildest kind of stories were current, all of which, of course, were conducive to my peace of mind, I was sent on to Fort Huachuca, headquarters of the Fourth Cavalry, and a mighty fine post it was. Here I was given my implements of war—a carbine, pistol, cartridges, field-belt and hunting-knife—which somewhat restored my confidence, and after that I always traveled well 'heeled.' My escort, a corporal and five privates, was also furnished me at Huachuca. Proceeding by way of Crittenden, after a two days' ride on horseback we arrived

what is now known as Fort Bowie, who had two daughters, Helen and Sarah. One day the sisters climbed the peak, never for an instant dreaming that the Apaches would be hovering about the camp. When high up they were surprised by some hostiles, who captured Sarah; but Helen, knowing what capture, even for a few hours, meant, and being of sterner stuff than her sister, leaped over a precipice rather than be taken.

"True? Well, I wasn't there when it occurred, but I have told you the tale as 'twas told me. The peak is called Helen's Dome just the same.

"Our guide from Crittenden to Mount Baldy was Mike Grace. Well, Mike wouldn't have swapped places with the President himself. He was a James D. The Apaches were afraid of him, but they after-



GERONIMO.

passage of troops or hostiles; the tell-tale signal smokes of the Apaches, by the aid of which they had always heretofore circumvented the whites—but this time the heliograph was beating them at their own little game—or the "calling" flashes from some temporary station in the field, were quickly seen by this man and as promptly reported to headquarters by the others. Monotonous? Well, we didn't exactly suffer from 'ong we,' as they say in France. In the first place, we were always busy. Some of the messages we handled would compare quite favorably with a 'press special' for length. Then there was the never-ending excitement of the chase. There, at our very feet, for over three months, was the most exciting man-hunt that probably ever occurred, and we held reserved seats throughout the whole performance. Perhaps, early one morning, we would descry a smoke signal, and, shortly after, a little cloud of dust would expose the movements of a band of mounted hostiles. Headquarters being informed, back would flash an order that we would send to some troop in the field directing them to go in pursuit.

"Perhaps when you were a boy you went rabbit-hunting. If you have, you remember how you would climb some rock or fence and urge the dogs on with your voice. How some especially intelligent dog would always look up at your call, and rush in the direction indicated by your waving arms, and how thus, when the hare had been started and you could see poor bunny doubling on his tracks, you could stop the dogs from taking some useless detour and thus shorten the chase?

"Well, this was a rabbit-hunt on a grand scale. The boy was General Miles. His voice and arms, the signalmen scattered throughout Arizona and New Mexico. The dogs, the tireless cavalry and infantry. The rabbit was a band of Geronimo's blood-thirsty cut-throats."

Ever since April had the Apaches been followed. From New Mexico they would go to Arizona, from Arizona into old Mexico, and from there back into New Mexico again, Uncle Sam's army, like a Nemesis, ever on their trail. Over 2,000 miles they were tracked until, on Sept. 4, Natchez, the lineal, and Geronimo, the real chief, surrendered to General Miles in Skeleton Cañon, a fitting spot for the last act in the drama.

No, not the last act, either. The curtain was not rung down on the Apache campaign of 1886 until Geronimo and his tribe, root, branch and tree, left Fort Bowie as prisoners of war for their journey three thousand miles across the continent to the land of orange blossoms, and, as the motley procession filed out of the post, small wonder that curses instead of prayers followed them; for, in the little cemetery that nestles close to the fort, three-fourths of the headstones read:

"Unknown. Killed by Apache Indians."

MAX WAGNER.





HIS proposition looks odd, in print. It suggests, to the moose-hunter of the East, that the man who makes it is a lunatic. Yet the thing can be done. It has been done, and I was there when it was being done. In fact, Jim and I were the only people who were there when it was being done.

Jim was my horse.

As every one cannot spare time to go out in the afternoon and kill two or three moose before supper, and as some people may want to know how and where this can be done, I take this method of making known the place and the process.

It came about thus—but not in Ontario, nor Quebec, nor Nova Scotia; it was further West.

I left the Great Northern Railway at Stephen, Minn., and went thirty miles northeast, to Burt Harris's ranch, near Pelan, and also near the Manitoba line. Burt hooked up a team and drove me across muskegs



ONE OF THE MOOSE SLAUGHTERED.

and through big woods—so big and so dense that they would take the conceit out of even Henry M. Stanley; yet that modest young farmer sat there on the roll of bedding and piloted the cayuses through the jungle as easily as a school ma'am pilots a young idea around among the alphabet.

After two days of this kind of fun we camped on a small creek, called something or other—I have forgotten its other name—and got ready to hunt moose. We were near the Manitoba line, and could hunt on either side, or on both sides at once if we chose.

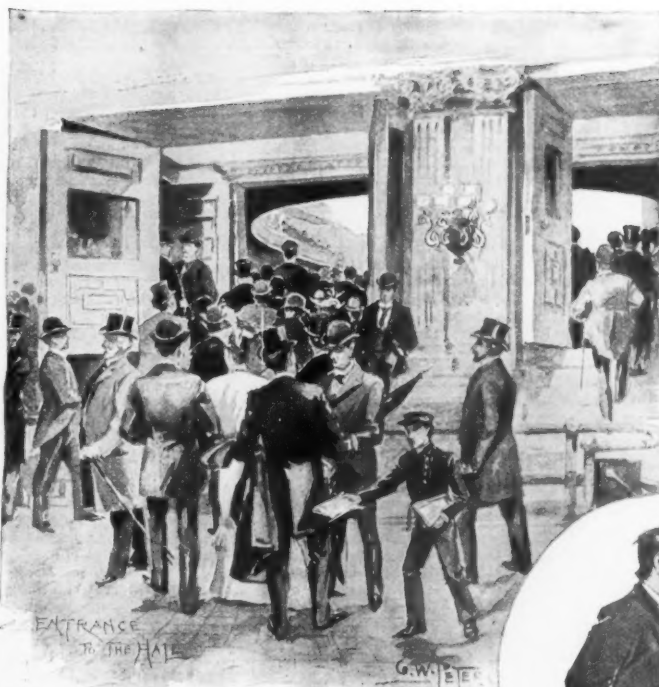
That night and the next morning we ate a good many beans, and a good many hot biscuits, and a good many baked potatoes, and a good many sugar-cured hams, so that we could stand it to tramp after moose—that is, I did, for Burt said he was going to ride the off horse. I curled my haughty lip in disdain at the idea of hunting moose on horseback, but Burt said I would recover in time. Each of us went his way on the morrow—or, rather, I went on the ground and Burt went on the horse. The moose also went their way, but not our way. We saw plenty of tracks, but no game. I walked fifty or a hundred miles, more or less, and got back to camp at dark, feeling about as tired as if I had chopped cordwood all day. Burt said he wasn't a bit tired. The horse didn't report. He didn't even say nay.

Then we cooked a bushel or so of groceries and ate them. The next day we repeated the programme, "by special request of a large number of prominent society people who were unable to attend the first entertainment."

On the morning of the third day Burt said he would stay in camp and let the horse rest; but I knew he wanted to get well, so he could sit down to eat his meals. I started out early, looking as bright and handsome as usual. I did a big forenoon's work, and, returning to camp about two o'clock, stumbled over the mortal remains of three moose—a bull, a cow and a calf—lying right in our front dooryard. Burt was eating, as usual. He explained that he had been sitting in the tent, when he heard a disturbance in the meadow, just in front, and, looking up, saw the cow moose standing there gazing at him. At the risk of shocking the neighbors by appearing in public clad only in a pair of low-necked trousers, he caught up his rifle and commenced shooting the cow right in the face. At the first disturbance of the peace the bull and calf trotted out of the willows and stopped to get their medicine. Each was attended to, in turn, and in two minutes their carcasses were all corded up in one long-drawn cord.

I told Burt, in vigorous English, what I thought of a man who would invite a friend to come several hundred miles to hunt with him, then get him off on a cold trail, loaf around camp, call up the only game in the country, and muss up our front lawn with it. He said he was mighty sorry, and if he had only had some lariats along he would have roped the critters and picketed them out until my return. He said he thought that, in that case, I might possibly have been able to go back home and say I had killed something.

I finally forgave him, and we went to work to skin and cut up the critters. It took two days, and I never was so tired since I listened to one of Mrs. Lease's speeches, down in Kansas. First, we skinned the cow. Then we cooked a good part of her and ate it. Then we commenced a dispute with the bull. When we got one side of him skinned we lifted until we spit blood, trying to turn him over. We turned him. Then we



ANTI-INCOME TAX MEETING AT CARNEGIE MUSIC HALL, JUNE 1.

cooked some more moose meat and ate it. Then we skinned—skun—no, skinned, the other side, and pegged out the skin to dry. We then cooked another pot of meat and ate it. Next, we skinned the calf and cut him up. This was dead easy. We now built a drying-rack,



G. O. SHIELDS, THE MOOSE-HUNTER.

put a fire under it, cut the meat of the three moose (what was left of it) into strips, hung it up and dried it. This took us three days. Then we drove back to the ranch with meat enough to last the family three weeks—since Harris and I were to be away most of the time.

Burt had some work to do within the next few days, and I decided to take Jim, the off-horse, and go and hunt moose all by ourselves. I tied to the saddle my sleeping-bag, several days' supply of food and an ax, and rode out early in the morning toward the Manitoba line. Don Quixote wasn't a circumstance to the style I put on as I buckled on my Winchester and my spurs, arched my manly brow, and penetrated the next two days with my fiery eye. Rosinante arched his neck and charged through the burned brush—whenever I lifted him with the spur. At other times he browsed leisurely along and listed not whether we got there next week or next summer.

My way was mostly through the open muskegs, though, here and there, I encountered vast thickets of underbrush or groves of young, quaking asp. About two o'clock in the afternoon I came on to a cart-track. "Hello!" said I, "some half-breed is likewise moose-bound. Well, all right: the country's big enough for both of us, and there is probably not another man, white or red, within twenty miles of my destination."

I followed the trail for perhaps two miles, when I saw a horse feeding in the open, half a mile ahead.

"Ah, the half-breed has gone into camp! But why so early? I'll shy off to the left, here, for I don't care to meet him, especially as I have no letter of introduction to him, and more especially as he would be sure to want to share my grub." But by this time I saw the hump on his horse's withers.

"Geewhiliker jimminy!" I whistled, low down in my throat, "that's no horse—it's a moose, and that blooming breed has gone by just a little too soon to meet him! Bully for the breed!"

I slid off Jim, threw the end of the lariat around a handy sapling, and cleared for action. The wind was coming my way, and, settling down close to mother earth, I began a long, tedious stalk. I was carrying a 50-110 Winchester express, and felt sure of outclassing the game if I could get anywhere near it. The grass was high enough and thick enough to afford me a fair measure of cover, but not to conceal me. I soon found, to my great sorrow, that the game was a cow, and while

this was not the kind of a moose I wanted, I reflected that I might never find another, and decided to take what I could get—if I could get her. Every few seconds she would raise her head and look around to see if any one were coming. At such times I would stop and lie still. When she would resume her work I would resume mine.

In this way I sneaked up to within about one hundred and fifty yards of her. Then I raised on one knee behind a convenient bush, and dropped a bullet into her neck. At the crack of the cannon a monster old bull, that had been lying down in a clump of big weeds all this time, commenced to rise up William Riley; and, holy smoke! I thought he would never get done getting up. He kept rising and towering, and getting up and getting up some more, until, when he finally shook himself, as a sign that he was all up, he looked as big as the Brooklyn Bridge. Of course, I turned my unanimous attention to him at once, and emptied four big slugs into him before he had time to feel the first one. Then he straightway lay down again.

The cow was, meantime, staggering about with a sway-back, and I put her out of her misery. When I started up to bleed them, a calf, that had been loafing in the background, came trotting up to see what the racket was about. It would have been easy to have corralled him also; but I had another two days' work on hand already, and trophies enough to start a museum, so I let him go. He was big enough to rustle his own grub, and would not suffer from the loss of his parents.

I began at once the task of skinning and cutting up these two great animals. The bull was a monster—six feet and ten inches high at the shoulder—and would have weighed at least one thousand pounds. After skinning one side of him came the task of turning him over. In order to do this I had to bring up Jim, put the lariot around an off hind-foot and fore-foot at once, turn the other end of the rope around the saddle-horn, and make the little cayuse pull till he groaned.

Night overtook me before my work was done. I built a fire, cooked some more moose meat, and ate enough of it to feed part of Coney's army. Then I built a lean-to, made a bed of green slough grass, and turned in. At four o'clock I got up, ate the other quarter of the cow, and resumed my work at daylight.

By eleven o'clock I had the skins off, the meat hung up—what was left of it—and started for the ranch. On the way in I found another bull moose, lying in a big muskeg. On going up to him I found that some jay had been trying to kill him with a little 44-calibre rifle. He was wounded in four places—a hind-leg being broken at the hock. I killed him as an act of mercy.

The next morning Harris and I, with three Illinois chicken-shooters, who had just arrived, went out and brought in the meat, heads and skins. We had no trouble in driving a big double team direct to the game. Moose-hunting on horseback is great sport when you find the game, even on Dominion soil; but I wouldn't go across the border again, or even across Broadway, to kill a whole herd of moose. I know when I have had enough.

### A COSSACK IN CLAY.

THE light in Ruth Westover's studio was failing, for the day was in its decline; still the woman sculptor was hard at work. Nearly all the medallions upon the wall were shrouded in shadow, so that no one could have told which bore the profile of great Caesar and which the likeness of Cleopatra. Here and there the model of an arm or leg could be seen with startling distinctness, while a number of unfinished statues, which were covered with wet cloths, made the room look like a sepulchre, filled with corpses wrapped in their cerements.

There was a stronger light in the centre of the room than in the shrouded corners, and there the sculptor worked with her human model before her. She was a slim American girl, with dark hair falling about her temples, and with a spirited and sensitive face. She was working rapidly and nervously, for this was the last sitting she could have from her model, and she was making the best use of her time.

The man who sat scowling before her wore the garb of a Cossack. He was named Sergius Zambrena, and was a man whose life had been extraordinary and tragical. He was broad-shouldered, deep-chested, and brown-bearded. His age was probably thirty-five years. He made a fine model, for he looked as muscular as a Roman athlete. While the girl copied his fine head and face in soft clay, he assumed the terrible aspect of a Cossack in battle. He might have been little better than a fierce savage if his face had been indicative of his real character.

They were rather silent while the sculptor worked; but when she ceased, all the assumed ferocity died out of his face, and he took her hands, unmindful of the oil and clay still clinging to them, and forgetful of his own remarkable costume. Even now there was something tragic in his face and bearing.

"I must say good-by to you," he said. "I will go down to Hoffman's studio and get into my every-day habiliments, and then I must be off. I go aboard the steamer to-night, and will be sailing away early to-morrow morning. You cannot forget me while you have that ugly Cossack glowering at you."

"I am sorry you are going," There was a bright scarlet spot on either of her cheeks, and he noticed that the hands he held were feverish. "You have been a good friend to me, and I shall miss you exceedingly. I am beginning to think that real friends are rare, and when I have found one it pains me to lose him."

"We never lose our friends," Zambrena answered, fancifully. "We separate from them, and sometimes they die; but I think their friendship is always with us. It is painful for me to go away. I love this town; I love this little studio; it breaks my heart to say good-by to this little Bohemian sculptor. Yet it is gratifying to be able to go back. I was banished from my country ten years ago, and that banishment has been withdrawn. I am glad to show my enemies that I can go back, and I will be glad to receive at least a fragment of the fortune that the Government stole from me when it prohibited me from returning to Russia. Ah, Ruth, banishment is a sad experience. You cannot imagine how inexpressibly sad it is!"

Ruth Westover clasped her fingers tightly behind her, and stood looking up into the face of the man whose great form towered above her. There was a ring of defiance in her voice, as she spoke again.

"Banishment from your country would seem to be an impertinence, not a tragedy. I would not be willing to live under a Government that is so barbaric as to use the knout upon delicate women. I could not be subject to a power that denies its people their right of a trial by jury for what are called official offenses; and I would hate a country that has Siberia, with all its legal crimes, for its background. If I had lived in Russia I could not always have bitten my tongue and strangled my speech, and I am afraid I would have been sent to Siberia!"

Zambrena laughed with enjoyment of this hot-headed speech.

"They would have sent you there, as sure as fate!" he said, with conviction. "You have a trick of the tongue, Ruth, that would have given you no quarter in Russia. Your blood is too warm for that Government, and you would have been sent to the snow-fields to reduce it to what is considered a proper temperature."

Ruth shuddered, but she answered at once: "Your blood is no cooler than mine, my friend. You are easily angered, and you hate injustice. Russia is not a good country for these characteristics. Are you entirely sure you will come back?"

"Not sure," he said, gravely; "but hopeful."

They were silent for a minute, and then he spoke again:

"I believe I am not an extremist while I am here. This Government is good enough. It does not antagonize me; but when I am in Moscow, or St. Petersburg, or Riga, I am a savage, and feel like that Cossack looks. I can feel and taste suspicion in the air I breathe—and I resent it. I believe it the best—the manliest part of my nature that is at war against it. Russia is a country where few farewells are spoken. There our friends are accused of disloyalty, they are secretly tried, and buried alive in the great cemetery, Siberia, or buried dead after capital punishment. They may not kiss their sweethearts, or wives, or babies before the burial, and their priests are not there to grant them absolution! I am a brute to prate in this fashion to you, however, or to allow you to be depressed by my moodiness. You and I may never meet again, and I should not sadden you before we part. We have been good friends always, Ruth."

"Yes," she assented; "the best of friends."

"And you are a success," he continued. "Every one in this town and in many other towns knows how clever you are at your art. You are what is called 'the fashion' now; the 'smart set' has found you out and is petting and praising you every day. You are even making money, and you are invited everywhere. I am a nobody when compared with you, and you do not need to be a Bohemian, or to associate with a Russian outcast any longer."

He was smiling constrainedly now, and her eyes were dark with unshed tears. He did not wait for her to reply, but continued:

"Your genius is already recognized; you have youth, good looks, a manner that captivates and a social position that is assured. From the time you made mudpies in your infancy you have been approaching success as a sculptor, and now you have gained it. Besides all this, you have won the love of a remarkably good and influential man. Think of this little potter molding the Governor of a great State just as she models her wax and clay figures! You are too practical not to know that Governor Belden wants to marry you, Ruth."

"I have imagined something of the kind," she admitted.

"And you will marry him," he said, without looking into her face. "I would not speak of this if I were not going away, and if I did not believe that this may be our last meeting. You always came to me for advice when I was the only friend you had in this city, or I would not talk to you now about so personal a matter. I have watched Belden, and I know that he is a good man. He is a gentleman, with a generous nature that is sweet without being effeminate. I believe he appreciates the womanliness in your nature as much as he admires the artist. If you marry him you will never have to pinch and economize, nor cook your own breakfasts, nor drink out of jelly glasses—and give your visitors marble busts for seats, as you have done in this little studio. You will have an easy life, little Ruth, and I shall be enough your friend to be glad of it."

"Are you glad?" she asked. "Is it your wish that Governor Belden shall marry me?"

"I am not sure. I believe I want you to do whatever will make you happiest."

He bent and kissed her forehead.

"Dear friend," he said, "I wish there were no partings in this life. I wish we need never say good-by."

He went away then, hurriedly—almost abruptly. The sculptor sank into the chair he had occupied and covered her face with her hands.

Sergius Zambrena had been a friend to Ruth Westover for several years. It was he who had first induced her to open the studio which had subsequently become a delight to them both and so profitable to her. He was a man of strong character; but was one whom her new acquaintances regarded with distrust, and who, owing to his alleged Socialistic views, they had advised her to avoid. He had been educated in one of the universities of St. Petersburg, where he had imbibed some of the rebellious spirit against the Russian Government which runs riot among the young men in such institutions. As his family were Loyalists, and, moreover, belonged to the nobility, his sentiments were not readily suspected; but, one night, one of his fellow-students had come to his bachelor quarters and begged for shelter and protection. The youth had been accused of Nihilism, and was closely pursued by the police. Zambrena knew him to be a careless lad (he was little more than a boy) who gave no heed to political subjects, but who

had repented some of the disloyal sentiments of his mates. If he were caught he would be tried for treason—which meant conviction and death, or the greater punishment of a living burial in the mines.

Zambrena had risked everything that he had held dear in life to save this youth. He had aided and accompanied him in his escape to France. Later, when the facts were suspected, Sergius Zambrena had been banished for being absent from Russia in a foreign country without official permission, and all of his property had been appropriated by the Government as a further punishment for his offense.

After ten years his sentence of banishment had been withdrawn, and he was granted permission to return to his country for a small inheritance to which he had fallen heir.

Ruth Westover reviewed all these circumstances while she sat with covered eyes in her studio after his departure.

"He may never come back," she thought, with exceeding bitterness. "He has many enemies, and it is possible, even probable, that they will make some other charge against him that will bring him into trouble. I believe he will never come back!"

"I have been blind, stupid, vain," she continued. "I have fancied that he cared for me—that he would not tell me of his affection because he was as poor as I and because he was afraid that association with a man who had been banished from his country would be a stumbling-block to my success. Now that stigma has been removed from him, and he is even promised a part of his fortune, still he calls me merely a friend, and advises me to make a prudent match with an influential man! Sergius has been called a Socialist—yet he urges me to marry a ruler and an aristocrat! How little women know of the motives and characters of men!"

She arose and approached the figure she had modeled, and which was fast hardening in the cool air of the studio. She looked into its scowling face, and spoke to it as if it could hear her utterances:

"This is the first time you have ever looked into my eyes and frowned, Sergius Zambrena," she said.

Zambrena left Hoffman's studio and stood at the street-door waiting for a car, and reflecting:

"A man would be a poltroon if he asked a woman to unite her life with his under such circumstances as mine," he thought. "Ruth Westover is an unusual woman—brilliant, successful, and beloved by the best society. I had no right to ask her to go to a country, even temporarily, where she would have no standing, where I will be an object of suspicion, and where danger may assail us both. She will have no Governmental wolves to fear in this town, and she will know nothing of the real tragedy of my life. I should not suffer like this. I have had hard knocks enough to have made me a philosopher."

His face was very grave and stern.

"And I advised her to marry Belden," he thought. "I have met with cruelty so often that I am accustomed and hardened to it, else I could not have spoken my own death-warrant. She has appeared to belong to my life. It was I who first discovered her struggling alone in this city, and who encouraged her to be what she is. It may be years before I can come back. I could not ask her to wait for me."

A car went by unheeded.

"I thank God that I had strength to hold my tongue," he continued to reflect, "and yet I am weak—wretchedly weak. I am longing to go back and see her once more. Why should I not go back? It may be the last time before I die."

He went up the stairs softly, almost guiltily. He was sure now of his strength.

He could not see her at once in the darkened studio, but when his eyes became accustomed to his surroundings he saw that she was kneeling with her arms clasped around the neck of the sculptured Cossack, and that all the youth had died out of her face. Zambrena gave a cry of mingled happiness and remorse, and caught her in his arms, unmindful now of his stern resolution.

"Do not worship that graven image while a human heart is starving for your affection," he said, brokenly. And then—"I did not mean to ask you to share my troubled life, but my love has conquered my human kindness."

Her eyes were bright again, and her youth had returned.

Later, she said: "I am not afraid of any peril while you are with me, Sergius, and now we will never be apart. Have you never learned that there is no cruelty so fatal to a woman as the tragedy of being separated from the man she loves?"

FRANCES ISABEL CURRIE.

### YOUR PICTURE.

Why is it that, before we know,  
Love weaves a spell?  
How far-off friends may fonder grow,  
Ah, who can tell?  
Yet, in my soul the truth doth show,  
I love thee well.  
No other friend may take thy place,  
Unchanged still,  
All of my heart's best, truest space,  
With thee I fill.  
And, as I look, thy pictured face  
Hath power to thrill.—MARGARET DOORIS.

### AT THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

First Stranger—"Ah, sir; seems a shame to see all this going to waste."

Second Stranger—"Jesso, jesso!"

First Stranger—"Are you a mechanical engineer, sir?"

Second Stranger—"No, sir; I'm a milkman."

The Grippe is a disease with so serious an ending possible that its slightest attack should have the immediate attention of one's physician, and it should be treated by remedies dispensed under a physician's prescription alone.

Its most characteristic and painful symptom, however, the terrible aching pain, can be greatly relieved, and the patient made very much more comfortable, by a thorough rubbing of the body, wherever painful, with Pond's Extract, diluted with hot water. This treatment will also tend to prevent catching cold.



## THE OLD TOMBS OF EGYPT.

INESTIMABLE TREASURES UNEARTHED AT DAHCHOIR.



NUMBER of interesting discoveries have just been made in one of the pyramids of Egypt by M. T. de Morgan, the director of the Egyptian Government Department of Antiquities, a branch of the service which was founded by the distinguished French savant, M. Mariette. M. de Morgan has, since first entering on his duties, manifested an indefatigable spirit of research, and with what seems like a real instinct of discovery, has succeeded, after the patient labors of three years, in unearthing some ancient tombs, enriched with valuable treasures of gold and precious stones.

The scene of M. de Morgan's operations is one of the brick pyramids of Dahchour, situated in that part of the Valley of the Nile known as the Necropolis of Memphis. There are two of these brick pyramids. When first constructed, in the dim ages of antiquity, they were faced with stone, handsomely carved; but the famous Sesostris, who conquered Egypt, despoiled them of their outer covering in order to enrich a temple of his own building. Thus defaced, these two pyramids have still defied the ravages of time and weather, and though presenting at this day the appearance of shapeless mounds, they have remained a source of mystery and curiosity to travelers and scientists. The Arabs call them the black pyramids, and Herodotus makes mention of them in his writings, stating that they were even more mysterious than their stone sisters.

Excavations on a large scale were commenced in 1884 in the larger of these two pyramids, and continued for two years; but no satisfactory result being reached, the work was abandoned. M. de Morgan, no wise disheartened by the failures of his predecessors, determined to solve the mystery of these ancient monuments, and, with this end in view, established himself at the base of the pyramid, in order to expedite operations by his constant presence and co-operation with the staff of native workers employed in the excavations.

To understand the plan of operations it must be remembered that the pyramids were all designed to be the burial-places of kings or other distinguished people. They contain three principal divisions—the chapel, the gallery, and the sarcophagus or mortuary chambers. The Egyptians held their dead in the highest respect, which was manifested by the richness of the treasures with which they lined and decorated the places of burial, especially of those who had filled high positions among them. It was a part of their belief that the material wealth with which they surrounded the body of a deceased friend availed for his credit and happiness in the life beyond the grave. But there were men even in those days who thought little of violating the sacredness of the tomb when bent on obtaining plunder, hence the extraordinary precautions taken by the Egyptians to protect and conceal the sites whereunder were stored the priceless offerings placed beside their dead. The usual method adopted was to locate the sarcophagus at a great depth in the earth, then to cover it up with soil and stones, leaving the surface smooth. Owing to the vast extent of the pyramids erected over the spot, it was a matter of great difficulty for any one who succeeded in obtaining an entrance to discover the site of a tomb. Thus, though many of the pyramids bear evidences of having been despoiled of their treasures in ancient times, there are still some the mystery of which has never yet been penetrated by man.

To be the discoverer of one of these tombs, sealed for thousands of years, and inclosing in their deep recesses the secrets and treasures of bygone ages, might well be the climax of a modern archaeologist's ambition. It is one which M. de Morgan has attained during the last few months.

Aided by a band of the natives, the men digging, and the women and children carrying away the dirt and debris in baskets, all singing as they worked, M. de Morgan directed the excavations, which he desired to have made in the north side of the greater pyramid, until, on the 26th of February last, the workmen came upon the mouth of a pit. This discovery justified the expectations formed by M. de Morgan, and based upon his observations of the nature of the soil on this spot. The thick layer of diluvium which overlies the substratum of greenish sandstone in these districts was found to be continued for an unusual depth. M. de Morgan rightly conjectured that, by digging here, he would reach a pit which would conduct him to the royal sarcophagus, the object of his search.

The opening of the pit being effected, M. de Morgan had himself let down by means of ropes until his foot touched the bottom, and he found himself in a vast burial chamber, vaulted and decorated with calcareous stonework, and in which, amid the ruins of a sarcophagus, stretched the remains of an immense statue. Everything was broken, and betrayed unmistakable signs of previous spoils. Pursuing his researches, M. de Morgan came on another immense gallery, in which twelve sarcophagi of princesses were placed in as many recesses hollowed out of the rock; but all had been rifled of their contents.

M. de Morgan's attention was now attracted to a mass of soil resembling that of the desert above. Suspecting the existence of another pit, he ordered excavations to be made, and so accurately did he fix the probable entrance to the supposed pit that, in a few days, the workmen discovered a new gallery. Archaeologists never consider their researches completed until they have reached the primitive soil. M. de Morgan, true to this principle, caused the floor of this new gallery to be dug up, and was, at last, rewarded for his patient search. On the 7th of March the picks of the workmen turned up the first treasure—a gold breast-piece, incrustated with precious stones, bearing the tablet of Usirtasen II., held by two crowned hawks. The designs on the tablet are wrought in cornelians, lapis-lazuli and turquoises. This breast-piece is undoubtedly the most ancient, and possibly the most beautiful, specimen of the goldsmith's art in existence to-day. In a little wooden box were found, also, various smaller objects of great value—bracelets set with gems, shell-shaped ornaments and lions of gold—all of which would

be exceedingly valuable for their intrinsic worth alone; but which, from the point of view of the historian and the artist—for the workmanship of these jewels is exquisite—are beyond all price.

On the following day two other breast-pieces were found, bearing the names of Usirtasen III. and Amenemhat, both of massive gold, incrustated with precious stones. This discovery was followed up by that of numerous smaller ones, over eight hundred objects being turned up by the picks of the excited workmen. As may be supposed, intense enthusiasm prevails among all concerned in these important discoveries, the great glory of which, of course, belongs to M. de Morgan, who, with his devoted wife, has spent so many years of his life in the desert, laboring in the cause of history and science. The illustrations on page 8 give a vivid idea of his mode of working and of the appearance of the treasures he has unearthed.

## RISE OF THE MODERN PORTIA.

BY GILSON WILLETS.



HYLOCK must now retreat from our courts of law, for Portia is everywhere and Antonio's skin is safe. Through the efforts of Mrs. Leonard Weber, president of the Woman's Legal Education Society, and through the liberal policy of Chancellor McCracken, of the University of New York, that institution, four years ago, opened its portals to women and helped form the first law class in the world consisting exclusively of women. Since then one class has been graduated each year, aggregating two hundred Portias in all. Three of these have been admitted to the bar, are now practicing law in New York City, and are flourishing. They hang out shingles from expensive offices, clients pour in, and all is well with the woman lawyer. Five years ago Miss Phoebe Cousins, LL.B., who was the first woman in the United States to whom the doors of the law school of a university were opened, and who enjoys the unique distinction of being the first woman to become a United States Marshal, was the only woman lawyer. Now she is joined in the field, in New York and elsewhere, by six or seven others. The '94 Portias were graduated twenty-nine strong, seven of whom will enter the regular law school of the University with a view to following the law professionally. Then this year an Alumnae Association was formed for those who desire to keep in touch with the movement, and recently held its first dinner, at which one hundred prattling, bubbling Portias were present.

The chair of the Woman's Law Class is endowed by the Woman's Legal Education Society, ten of the members of which subscribe one hundred dollars a year to meet the salary of the lecturer. The directors of the society include, besides that counselor, guide and friend of all young women, Mrs. Leonard Weber, such earnest women as Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi, Mrs. Abram S. Hewitt, Dr. Lucy M. Hall Brown, Mrs. Cornelia K. Hood, and others.

The four years of experience has so thoroughly proved the wisdom of the progenitors of this movement that, at a recent meeting of the directors, the pledge of funds to sustain the work was renewed.

But why do women study law at the University? Because they enjoy such study for its own sake; because of the contribution it makes to general culture, and the light it throws on the pages of history; because of the real advantage of such work in a business way, enabling them to understand and appreciate the advice of counsel in matters of financial importance; and, lastly, in a considerable number of cases, as a preparation for the professional study of the law, with a view to practice. The designation of most of these women as modern Portias is an appropriate one; for they are not members of the University Law School, nor do they intend to earn their livelihood by law; nor was that Portia's plan for herself. She seems to have studied law to enable her to take care of her own private affairs and of a young gentleman whom she was interested in. She succeeded admirably in this, as, no doubt, many a modern Portia will succeed when the time comes. The question of the advisability of the admission of the feminine element to plead in our courts does not enter into these lectures at all, as they are directed entirely to the enlightenment of each woman, in just the place and station which she now occupies; not to the hope of revolutionizing the entire sex into nineteenth century Portias, as some seem to imagine.

And who are the women who thus study law? They include every type of the progressive modern woman with varied motives and ambitions: from the school-girl, ambitious simply to acquire, to the matron eagerly availing herself of lately-dawned opportunities, and from the "girl-bachelor," who is self-supporting and studies law as a helpful adjunct to her professional life, to the society woman who drives down to lectures in pursuit of a unique fad, primarily, only to become a most enthusiastic and energetic student for her own benefit, and an ardent promoter of the cause of legal education for other and less favored women.

The lectures are divided into four courses of twelve each, held on three mornings of each week—Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays—beginning in November and continuing until April. Each lecture is repeated on the evening of the same day for the benefit of those women who are unable to attend the day courses.

The fees are six dollars for each of the four courses, or twenty dollars for the whole, and are merely nominal, when one considers the immense amount of work accomplished. There are ten entirely free and twenty half-free scholarships, which are presented by the Legal Education Society to women desirous of obtaining this splendid opportunity, and who may be unable to pay the fee.

The first course, as now presented, begins with a general history of the origin and evolution of law, public and private, in war and peace; studies on our Constitution, its development and what it means to each of us, and an enlightenment on many of the vexed questions of our judicial system. This gives an intelligent groundwork upon which to build the superstructure of the following courses, which treat of law as more directly applied to the individual, to us and our interests. The legal relation between husband and wife,

parent and child, master and servant; wills and succession; and a multitude of subjects which, at best, are very hazy and vague in the mind of even the most enlightened women of the day who have had no opportunity to study the matter.

In the third course the question of contracts, both of marriage and of the more material business world, are carefully studied; of agents, partners, copyrights, patents, etc., etc., all presented not in a dry, formal manner, but imbued with a lively interest which cannot fail to entertain as well as instruct.

Investments, real estate, leases, mortgages, damages and torts, and even pleading evidence, form the subject-matter of the last course. Each of the lectures is prefaced by a "quiz," in which those who desire may partake, and at the close of the year there is an examination held under the patronage of the University for those who have taken the entire course, and who wish to avail themselves of this opportunity for review. For the successful passing of this examination the University presents a certificate, and a prize scholarship is awarded to the student whose paper ranks first.

Such is the information regarding woman's progress in law which I have gathered in conversations with Miss Minna M. Dyke, secretary of the Associate Alumnae; with Mrs. Laura Geddes Smith, the class historian, and wife of the Hon. W. Judson Smith, formerly of the United States Bureau of Agriculture, and with Professor I. F. Russell, who now holds the teacher's chair of the Woman's Law Class.

Dr. Emily Kempin, of the University of Zurich, first occupied the chair, and established day and evening classes, and when called to her native Switzerland was succeeded by Professor Liedman, from the University's own staff, who, in turn, vacated, two years ago, for Professor Russell, who also occupies a prominent place on the University staff, and who, by his thorough and broad presentation of the subject and attractive style of address, has rendered the class a source of pleasure as well as a great intellectual profit.

Professor Russell is young, wears a drooping black mustache, and is handsome, light-hearted, and evidently a great favorite with the young women whose law learning is in his care.

The president of the Associate Alumnae is Mrs. Ralph L. Shainwald, who was unanimously elected to that office upon the formation of the society, her culture, tact and accomplishments as a parliamentarian preeminently fitting her for the trying duties of presiding officer. Mrs. Shainwald is connected with numerous other societies and clubs, and is valued in all for enthusiasm and efficiency as a practical worker.

The first vice-president is Mrs. Kate E. Hogan, LL.B., who was admitted to the bar last spring, after graduating from the Law Department of the University of the City of New York. Mrs. Hogan is at present engaged in teaching, but goes to Chautauqua this summer under engagement to deliver a series of lectures on legal topics.

The other vice-presidents are Mrs. Cornelia K. Hood, a practicing lawyer; Mrs. Shirley Shackelfors Davis and Miss Melle Stanleyetta Titus, who has applied for admission to the bar. Mrs. Davis, wife of Rev. Wesley Reid Davis, graduated from the Woman's Law Class last spring, with honor, and has since continued the study of law in the regular Law Department of the University. Miss Titus was a member of the first Woman's Law Class, receiving her degree last year, and the winner of the first prize ever given to a woman in any law school. Miss Titus is engaged at present with a prominent law firm, where her ably-written briefs win hearty commendation.

Mrs. Ruth Ferris Russell, the treasurer of the Alumnae, wife of Prof. Isaac Frank Russell, was a member of the class of '93, and is quite as enthusiastic as her husband in all matters pertaining to the class and its advancement.

The secretary, Miss Minna Minton Dyke, class of '93, was formerly in business as a law reporter, which naturally led her to avail herself of the advantages of the Law Class. Miss Dyke is a secretary professionally as well as socially, holding that position to Commissioner Thomas J. Bradley of the Department of Buildings. She is also known as a newspaper correspondent. Miss Dyke is only nineteen years old, and is the youngest of all Portias. The others range from twenty to fifty years of age. This young woman is the merest mite of a body; but she has the pluck, independence and push of a giant, and a clear, reasoning mind of a person double her own age. She is one of the few women who, dependent entirely upon her own efforts, has made her way by sheer practical experience in this great, teeming city.

Thus, with the earnest, united efforts of this cosmopolitan personnel forming that triple alliance, the Woman's Legal Education Society, the Woman's Law Class, and the Associate Alumnae, woman is making her way in the practice and understanding of law; and, meanwhile, the University of New York has won glory and the gratitude of the women of America as the pioneer law school to throw open its doors to women. —(See page 9.)

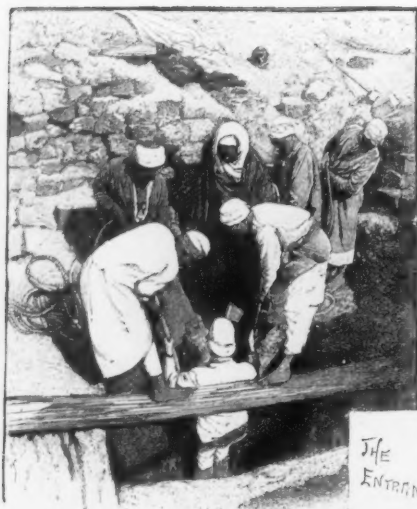
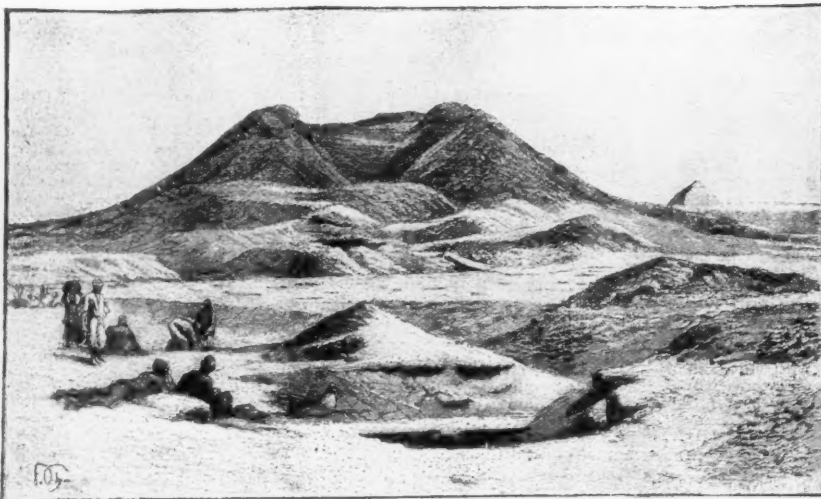
## THE SMOKY CITY.

PITTSBURGH and its immediate vicinity rank among the historic regions of this country. After the surrender of the French at Fort Duquesne, in the French and Indian War, the new city, named in honor of the English Pitt, arose at the junction where the Monongahela and Allegheny are merged to form the Ohio. In later days this crowded and fast-growing Pittsburgh was the scene of the terrible railroad riots of 1877. Still later, Homestead, near Pittsburgh, was the scene of bloodshed at the Carnegie works. To-day the always young-old city looks as grim and as determined as ever.

The city government is said to be in the firm grip of Mr. Chris Magee. If so, Chris must be an able dealer. He has upon his hands one of the most aggressive cities in the Union, and it is unthinkable that any very serious ring-work would be tolerated. On page 12 are some of the more notable scenes from the pen of our special artist.

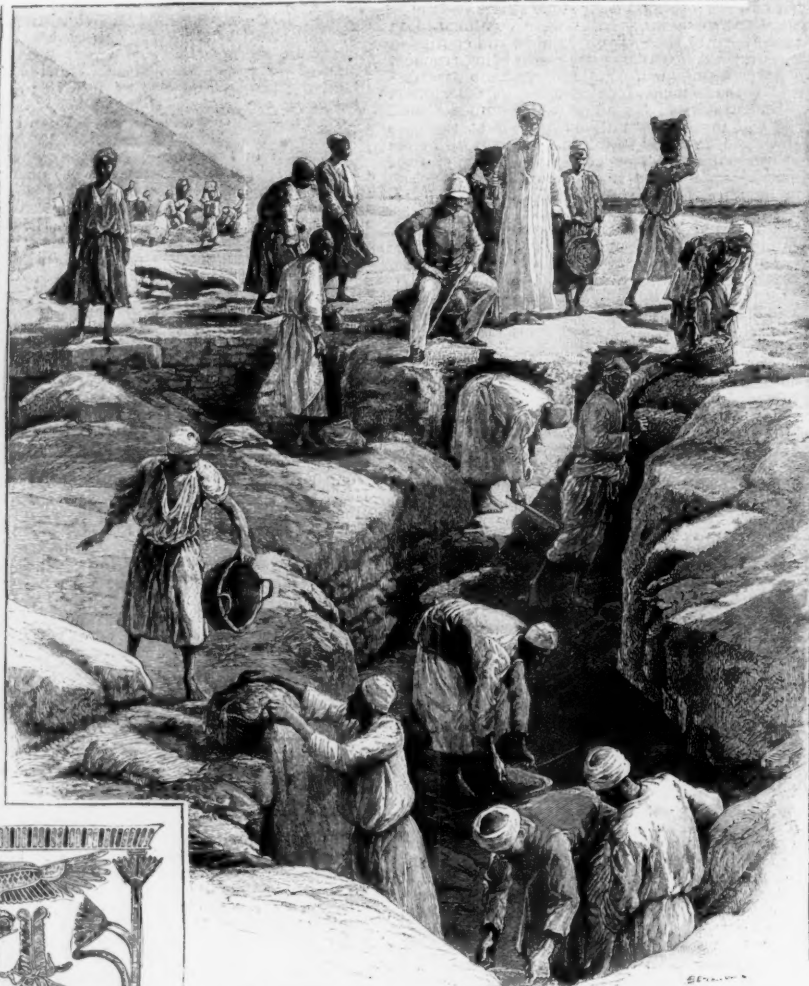
For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cts. a bottle.

"When pain and anguish wring the brow  
A ministering angel thou"—Bromo-Seltzer.

THE  
ENTRANCE

VIEW OF THE NORTH PYRAMID

DESCENT INTO THE SARCOPHAGUS CHAMBER

ARRIVING AT THE BOTTOM OF  
THE PIT

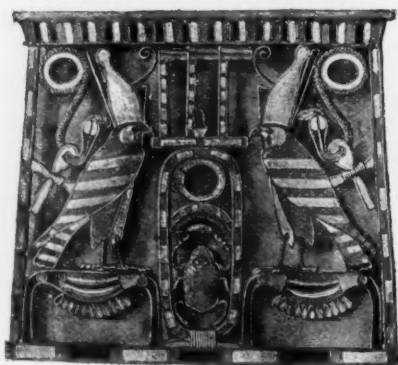
THE EXCAVATION NEAR THE NORTH PYRAMID



THE REIS ROUBI HANZAWI

CHIEF OF  
THE WORKMEN

BREAST PLATE OF OUSERTESEN III



JEWELLED BREAST PLATE OF OUSERTESEN II



JEWELLED BREAST PLATE OF AMENEMHAT III.

## THE TREASURES OF DAHCHOUR.—RECENT EXCAVATIONS NEAR THE NORTH PYRAMID.

From Photographs and Sketches made on the Spot.

(See page 7.)





OUR MODERN PORTIAS.

PORTRAITS OF SOME OF THE MEMBERS OF THE LADIES' LAW CLASS.

(See page 7.)

## FAITH.

I.  
STRANGE the questions that they ask me,  
As they gather at my side,  
When the day, in glory passing,  
Decks the heavens in its pride;  
And the splendor of the sunset  
Fills their antic minds with awe  
At the weird and waving phantoms  
That the flickering shadows draw.

II.  
And their little souls grope darkly  
Where the wisest men have passed  
Silent, sad and vaguely hoping  
That the answer comes at last.  
And I hear their gentle voices  
Asking me, their earthly guide,  
To explain Life's greatest problem  
To the babies at my side.

III.  
Evening falls, the shadows deepen;  
And the dear one on my knee,  
Gazing far into the twilight,  
Seems to feel the mystery,  
Seems to know his question's futile,  
Seems to know my answer's weak,  
That my soul is heavy-laden  
With the words that I must speak.

IV.  
Then comes silence; and my darling  
To my side draws closer yet,  
With his little arms entwining,  
While my eyes seem strangely wet.  
On my face I feel his kisses,  
From his pockets bulge his toys;  
Then he whispers, bending nearer:  
"God, I know, loves little boys."

EDWARD S. VAN ZILE.



ER name was Muriel, and she was only twenty-three years old; but everybody called her Miss Morris, she was so stately, so strikingly beautiful, and so queenly and impressive in her demeanor. Yet she was only the daughter of a poor widow, and her father had been a gardener—nothing more. He had been an excellent gardener, however, and had loved the plants and flowers which he cared for with poetic devotion. Perhaps it was this flower love in his heart which sent his daughter into the world such a thing of beauty. They tell us thoughts are things, and that we grow to be like our thoughts; so quite likely his continual thinking and dreaming of these lovely blossoms impressed the child who called him father, and caused her to bloom forth like a wonderful rose, the admiration of every eye.

Her father was not a handsome man; he was kind-faced and gentle only, and her mother was simple and amiable, but quite devoid of beauty. So it must have been some flower god-mother who bestowed such beauty upon Muriel. She was but fourteen when her father died, and they had nothing after the burial was over but the little house and yard on the outskirts of the suburban town and their four hands to toil with. Mr. Morris had taken care of the lawns and gardens of wealthy people who made this suburban town their summer home, and he had charge of their interests in the winter during their absence. This work brought him a comfortable livelihood, but that was all. So now the widow looked about her to see what was to be done. She had always been handy with the needle, and she had made her home attractive with embroidery, crochet and kindred decorations. Muriel had already learned to aid her in this work, and so they put a card in the cottage window and advertised their skill, and ere long they had customers enough to keep the wolf from the door. It seemed as if the lovely flowers which the dead father and husband had so loved sprang into immortal form under the skillful touch of both widow and child. Besides the customers who came for business purposes many people drove to the cottage-door to ask for stamped patterns or embroidered knick-knacks ostensibly, but really to gaze upon the face of the young girl who was celebrated throughout the town for her beauty.

A woman needs great balance or wise guidance to be able to walk safely through life under the blessing—ban—of remarkable beauty. Even with both conditions provided, she rarely escapes disaster of one form or another. Muriel's mother was not a wise guardian; she adored her beautiful daughter, and she was over-anxious for her worldly success.

Having gazed on wealth and station only from a distance she confounded its glitter with the sunshine of happiness, and she filled Muriel's mind with dangerous ambitions, all of which revolved about a brilliant marriage.

This idea took root in the girl's plastic mind, and she dreamed, day and night, of the time when she should be queen of a brilliant circle, mistress of an elegant home.

Uneducated and untrained, her natural beauty and grace hid many deficiencies of mind, and the attention she excited wherever she appeared, together with the mental food gathered from romantic novels, stimulated her ambitious hopes.

Admired in her own station were kept aloof by her haughty deportment. Like many extremely beautiful women, she excited admiration rather than love. And Miss Morris reached the age of twenty-two before any portion of her dreams came true—before ever receiving anything more marked than admiration from any man, in fact.

Then one day a stranger from town passed her upon the street as she was returning home after a shopping expedition. His gaze was bold, yet respectful, his admiration speaking in every feature. The next day he drove past the house slowly behind two splendid bays.

The second day he called, to order some handkerchiefs embroidered with his initial, and after that he came daily. He was an English tourist, sojourning at the hotel in town for a few weeks only, he said; and when he spoke of love the foolish girl and the ambitious, flattered mother asked no credentials save his word. There were four happy, happy weeks of love-life for Miss Morris—four weeks of realized dreams and ambitions. They were betrothed, she and Arthur Langley, her English lover; then he went away, back to England. In three months' time he was to return and carry her away to his castle in an old English town. There were ten weeks of happy retrospection and bright anticipation. Then the blow fell.

Miss Morris sat in her pretty room—her boudoir, she called it, because she read that name in novels. She sat before her mirror, combing her beautiful hair and dreaming of the future. How wonderful her life would be, how like a fairy-tale, and she gazed at her reflection and smiled and said: "It was all your work—if you had not been so beautiful he would never have picked me out of the whole world—never!" and she leaned forward to kiss her own red lips in the mirror out of sheer love and gratitude to them for being so beautiful, but shrank at touch of the cold glass.

Just then she saw her mother coming up behind her, smiling, with a letter in her hand. It was from Arthur, of course; she never received any letters but his. He wrote such beautiful letters, though, of late, they had seemed hurried—but that was because he was so soon coming to take her away. She broke the seal and read a few brief words:

"Dear, I cannot keep up this deception any longer; I must tell you the truth, and let your love turn to hatred. I am not free to make you my wife. I had a wife when I first saw you; but I was not happy, and your beauty drove me mad. I thought some way might open in which I could be free from my chains; but I have given up all hope forever. Forgive and forget your unworthy lover—"

ARTHUR.

That was all. Miss Morris laid the letter in her mother's hands, and lifted her eyes to the mirror again. She stared straight at the white, beautiful image with the great dark eyes, the coils of rich auburn hair, the calla lily cheeks, the chiseled features, the column-like throat; then she said, aloud:

"If I ever look at myself in a mirror again, I hope God will strike me dead. It has been the ruin of my life." And as she said this she struck the plate-glass with two clinched fists, shattering it in a score of pieces and cutting her soft flesh in many places so the red blood trickled over her white gown. But she never shed a tear.

The mother broke into wild sobs and bitter lamenting; but Miss Morris uttered not a word or a complaint, then, or ever afterward. Neither did she allow her mother to speak of the subject; so a silence fell between them, neither thinking of anything else to talk about for many and many a day. Miss Morris sat at her embroidery frame from morning till night, and the only difference the neighbors observed was her increased diligence and her absence from the salesroom where she used to wait upon customers, seeming to enjoy the admiration her presence always excited. Now they saw her only at a distance bent over her work, never lifting her eyes, while her mother waited upon callers. "My daughter is very much occupied, and she thinks it will save my eyesight if I attend to customers instead of sitting so constantly," was all the reply the mother made to the inquiries which Miss Morris's absence at first excited. By-and-by these inquiries ceased, but people talked among themselves over the change in Miss Morris. Something of the truth leaked out, that she had met with a disappointment in love, and that she had been deceived by the handsome stranger, whose fine equipages and handsome person had excited attention during the summer months.

But Mrs. Morris allowed no one to discuss the subject with her, and no one dared broach it to Miss Morris, and by-and-by the neighbors ceased to think about it. There had been a mirror in the salesroom which customers missed at first, and Mrs. Morris explained that a broken mirror in another room had necessitated the removal of this one, which was not really needed in the salesroom. But the facts were, that Miss Morris had requested her mother to put that mirror in the attic. It was the only one in the house save a small oval glass which hung in her mother's room, and which Miss Morris would not be liable to confront by accident.

So the mirror was put in the garret, and Miss Morris did not again look upon her reflection for many years.

Never having near friends of her own sex, she found no difficulty in dropping the few acquaintances on whom she had sometimes called, and very soon Miss Morris was spoken of as a recluse, and called "queer" and "odd." People said her mind was affected by her trouble; but, if this were true, the only evidence was shown in her indifference to everything but work. Even pretty garments, in which she used to delight, she ceased to think about, wearing plain black and ignoring the changes of fashion.

She ceased shopping, sending her mother to make all her purchases.

In truth, Miss Morris was almost mad on the subject of mirrors. She had registered a vow never again to look at her reflected face, and she avoided any place where she might unconsciously encounter a glass.

The years passed by, five, ten, fifteen, twenty. There was little change in the dull routine of life which mother and daughter followed. The mother grew old rapidly, it seemed to the daughter, and her failing eyesight rendered it impossible for her to use her needle after the first decade following the disappointment which had shadowed the home. So Miss Morris sat, hour after hour, day by day, year by year over the embroidery frame. She grew bent of shoulder and hollow of chest, but she did not know it. The other changes which time and bitterness of mind and sorrow had marked upon her face she did not know. She thought of herself always as "beautiful Miss Morris," whose beauty had been her bane. She felt a morbid sort of pleasure in thinking that she should never look upon her own beauty again, and the role of the beautiful, blighted being grew to have a fascination for her. As she had once delighted in knowing that people were admiring and envying her

charms, she loved now to think they were admiring and pitying her.

One night her mother died. The day of the funeral the house caught fire, and when Miss Morris returned from her mother's grave she found nothing but a heap of smoldering ruins in place of a home.

"You must go home with me," said her mother's physician. "My wife will give you shelter."

"I have an uncle in the Far West," Miss Morris said. "He used to write to mother every New Year. I will telegraph him of my misfortune, and perhaps he will give me a home where I can establish my business anew. But I will accept your offer of shelter until I can hear from him. Our home was insured for enough to take me to him."

The doctor admitted Miss Morris into the hall with his latch-key.

"Walk into the parlor through that door," said he, "while I go upstairs and speak to my wife of what has occurred. She will make you very welcome."

Miss Morris passed through a curtained doorway and found herself in a large drawing-room. As she entered she saw an old lady approaching from the opposite end of the room. An old lady with bent shoulders, and sunken chest, hollow cheeks and caverns under the weird eyes; hair white about the temples and crown, and grizzled about the ears.

"This is doubtless the doctor's mother or mother-in-law," thought Miss Morris. "I must explain my sudden and unannounced entrance to her."

She walked forward to meet the old lady.

"Madam," she said, "excuse me; I am—"

Then Miss Morris found herself face to face with an immense plate-glass mirror which formed the end of the long, narrow parlor. For one instant she stood transfixed with horror, gazing at the reflection of her face and form. Twenty years had passed since she had beheld herself—twenty years. She knew that, yet she had not dreamed what havoc those years had made. Many a woman of sixty looked younger than she at forty-three. Her startled eyes wandered over the bowed, aged form, the shrunken, withered face, with a gaze full of terror, amazement and disgust. Then, with a low moan, a heart-breaking wail, Miss Morris fell unconscious on the floor.

God had granted her request, made twenty years before. He had struck her dead when she next looked upon her face in the mirror.

## THE GREAT LITERARY TREATS.

MR. ALLEN's "Merchant of Killogue," already and many times referred to in these columns, will be mailed to all subscribers with this number. Further reference to the book need not be made under these circumstances, as the interesting novel will speak for itself in the hands of the readers. It is a proper time to call attention to the great literary treats in store for the patrons of ONCE A WEEK. Following "The Merchant of Killogue," Mr. Haggard's great African tale, "Nada, the Lily," will appear in two parts; for it is a story of unusual length, as well as of unusually absorbing interest. There is nothing like it in the English language, for few writers have attempted to describe the barbaric loves and wars of the great savage tribes of Africa. Mr. Haggard, therefore, may be said to possess the field to himself. He is certainly without any competitor worthy of the name of rival. "Nada" is one of the most powerful of all his African romances, and though full of blood and carnage, is so strange, weird and poetical withal that the reader's interest in the doings of the great chieftains, Chaka, Umslopagaas and Galazi, and the other central figures never flags for a moment. The Lily is a curious creation of the author's imagination, which fascinates from the moment of her first appearance to the close of the story.

Within a very brief period three other novels by Rider Haggard will be published by ONCE A WEEK's Library; to wit, "Montezuma's Daughter," "People of the Mist," and "The Way of the Transgressor." The first of these three is the result of a visit of Mr. Haggard to Mexico, where he spent much time in studying the story of the Conquest of the Aztecs, by Hernando Cortes, the Spanish adventurer. General Lew Wallace has given us a taste of what fine work may be carved out of Mexican history and tradition in his "Fair God." Haggard has produced a masterpiece in its way in his romance of "Montezuma's Daughter."

These great works of Haggard have been procured at enormous expense by the proprietor of ONCE A WEEK, who is determined to furnish his patrons only with the very finest quality of fiction.

Mrs. Dicks—"I have so much trouble in keeping a cook. I can't get one that will stay more than a week."

Mrs. Hicks (loftily)—"My family is just the same as yours, and I have no trouble."

Mrs. Dicks—"Yes, I've heard that your cook had an easy time of it. She told my chambermaid that she had hardly anything to do, except when company came."

## Y. P. S. C. E. SOUVENIR.

An edition of the Souvenir Maps of the Y. P. S. C. E. Convention, to be held July 11th to 15th, at Cleveland, Ohio, has been issued to the Nickel Plate Road, the shortest through passenger line between Buffalo and Chicago. Any person who expects to attend this Convention and desiring one of these maps can have same forwarded to his address by addressing F. J. Moore, General Agent, Buffalo, N. Y.



## THE SOCIAL-INDUSTRIAL PROBLEM.

**ONCE A WEEK** gives unusual space this week to a discussion of the social and industrial problem. Economic writers of varying schools of thought have contributed to these pages during the past year. Free Trader and Protectionist, Democrat and Republican, Henry George and some of his Single Tax followers, have had their say on the causes of the industrial depression. As a result, letters for and against almost every economic theory and scheme before the people have been received at this office from all parts of the Union.

### WHY NOT TRY NEW ZEALAND'S PLAN?

NEW YORK CITY, June 2, 1894.

EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK":

DEAR SIR—Your editorial remarks, June 2, "on the social and industrial question that now confronts us" are timely. Your readers must be differently constituted from most people if they are not giving to this question deep and anxious thought. And they will agree with you when you say "there are not enough of our present population working for themselves and living in their own houses."

You desire to see our population distributed over our broad land in happy homesteads, or collected together in villages and towns and even cities, but in such a way as to relieve the horrible overcrowding of our tenement-houses. And your proposal to accomplish this desirable end is that "this Government might now issue one hundred million dollars of three per cent annuities and use the money in a great national scheme of home colonization."

Granting the necessity of a redistribution of our population, the question is, Do you point out the easiest and most scientific way of accomplishing it? I think not. Going into debt is not a good thing—it is to be guarded against as much as possible. Nations, not less than individuals, should live within their means.

Now it happens that this very question we are considering has been agitating the minds of our brothers and sisters in other parts of the world. The first really important experiment on a large scale having for an end the settlement of overcrowded denizens of large industrial centres over sparsely settled country districts has come to the notice of the world from New Zealand. The Government in that colony gave this question the most serious and careful consideration. The conclusions they reached were not on the lines suggested in your editorial. They made no call for money, they issued no bonds—and yet they have solved the problem. They found that the lands of New Zealand were monopolized by great landlords, who fenced in their estates and held them out of use. The New Zealand Government said: "These people are a detriment to the country; we will put a tax on the value of their land and see if that will compel them to sell or open up for use and settlement. They are nothing but *speculators*, and they are no good."

So the tax on land values was applied. The people generally upheld the Government and waited for the result. What that result has been all the world now knows. Our Consul to New Zealand, Mr. John D. Connolly, made the matter the subject of a special report to the Department of State. He says: "The most determined opposition to the 'new taxation' came from the moneyed institutions, loan companies and the owners of vast landed estates. It was found, however, as soon as the new system became law and was thoroughly established and fully understood, that, instead of involving the colony in ruin, it had exactly the contrary effect. The credit of the colony in London (which is, of course, the centre of financial operations so far as the colonies are concerned) increased to an unprecedented degree. New Zealand's credit is better to-day on the London money market than is that of any other colony of Australasia."

There has been a continuous stream of settlers into the agricultural districts of the country. The great land-owners have been forced, by the tax on land values, to sub-divide their unused estates and offer them in suitable parcels to farmers. Says Mr. Connolly: "Many of the immense estates are being freely offered to the Government at their taxable value, while some are being cut up in suitable farms and offered at public auction."

The beauty about this system of taxation of land values, as advocated by single-tax men, is that its effect is evenly distributed. Thus its effect is felt in every portion of New Zealand, and the result is much the same as the discovery of vast areas of new land. Hence they are undergoing the prosperity that used to be the rule in the United States when good land was open to immigrants and the speculator had not appeared. This is the system that will make its way over the world; for it is wise, just and effective. It fills the bill.

Respectfully yours, E. YANCEY COHEN.  
1185 Madison Avenue.

### INDIGNANT AT HALSTEAD.

CHICAGO, ILL., June 4, 1894.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK":

A couple of weeks ago I read in the *Chicago Herald* "The Cause of the Business Depression," by Henry George, giving *ONCE A WEEK* credit. In your issue of the 26th May, under the caption, "Is it the Combine of Fads?" Murat Halstead has written about a column. During the World's Fair one of the editorial writers on the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* listened to a debate, at the "Art Palace," on "Protection or Free Trade." After the debate several mutual friends of the editorial writer on the *Inter-Ocean* asked him how he was going to answer the arguments brought forward in support of freedom of exchange. To the surprise of many, he said: "What has been said are self-evident truths; I know it; but I will give a fair synopsis of this debate and bring out what is axiomatic, and then I will reply with the

### PLAYING CARDS.

You can obtain a pack of best quality playing cards by sending fifteen cents in postage to P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

most self-evident absurdities. The people who read the *Inter-Ocean* never think, and it will go down with them all right." Now, Mr. Editor, I do not think the readers of *ONCE A WEEK* are composed of people who are incapable of thinking, and I submit, for one, that the article written by Murat Halstead is an insult to their intelligence.

I remain yours for equity, M. B. HITCH.  
255 East Ontario Street.

### SINGLE TAX ON LAND THE REMEDY.

882 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, June 2, 1894.

EDITOR "ONCE A WEEK," NEW YORK CITY:

DEAR SIR—In response to your invitation, contained in your issue of June 2, for expressions of opinion on the social and industrial question, I beg leave to submit the conclusions of one who has thought long and seriously of the problem.

There is no need for the nation to mortgage posterity forever in order to insure present and permanent prosperity, and therefore the scheme of Federal irredeemable three per cent bonds would be unwise. The tone of the article in your issue of the 2d is that the Government should do something for its taxpayers; but it is evile it, upon even superficial reflection, that the Government cannot give to some what it does not take from others. It would be robbing Peter to pay Paul a gratuity.

You declare that "there are too many of our present population working for wages and paying rent, and not enough of them working for themselves and living in their own houses," and propose as a remedy a scheme of Governmental colonization. This, then, is the "rub" of the whole industrial and social question: How shall we place the people in homes of their own and make them their own employers?

This part of the Western Continent was developed up to its present greatness by individual enterprise and industry; the decay now going on is due to the legislation which arrests the continued exercise of the labor of the individual, and takes from those who do labor all they produce beyond a bare living. The trick is accomplished by private property in land, which rests entirely upon positive law which authorizes the alleged owner of land to take a portion—and with the growth of population an increasing portion—of the wealth produced by industry. This power to appropriate wealth without labor, through land ownership, prompts men to grab and hold land, which they themselves cannot utilize, for a rise in value, which grabbing is still further stimulated by speculation in future growth, thus compelling the user to pay a greater portion of his products for the use-privilege. To stop speculation in land, and thus to reduce its rental and selling value without in the least impairing its productivity, it is only necessary for society to take, in taxation, the annual value of land, regardless of whether it is used or not, exempting all labor products and exchange from tax burdens of any kind or description. This will increase the opportunities for self-employment, raise wages to its full earnings and reduce rent. There will then be an orderly and natural development of the land, neither overcrowding at one point nor blank vacancy at others.

This is what the single tax on land values will accomplish. It is a natural and rational method of reform, and can be instituted without shock or injury to the social fabric by the abolition of one tax after another until all taxation rests upon land values. The first tax to be abolished should be that on personal property, to be followed by the exemption of improvements; and the remedy is substantially instituted.

Yours respectfully, BENJAMIN DOBLIN.

THE instance of New Zealand, given by Mr. E. Yancey Cohen, proves simply that land-owners, or holders, cannot profitably pay taxes upon idle lands. That same truth applies here, and as a result there are millions of acres of good and cheap land in this country for sale. What I am aiming to do is to get our surplus city population into homes of their own upon this cheap land, in rural district, farm-village, hamlet, new town and new city throughout the Union, without compelling them to go through the now needless and wasteful hardships of that "individual enterprise and industry" spoken of by Mr. Benjamin Doblin, in the third letter. It will be seen at once that this cannot be done quickly without Government aid—a procedure, by the way, which is sanctioned by the New Zealand instance commended by Mr. Cohen. The "debt" of one hundred million dollars will cost three million dollars a year—a mere trifle compared with the waste of energy alone involved in the individualism of actual settlers going "out West" and buying farms with their own money, as a few daring adventurers are doing now.

THE expenditure of Government money for this purpose would be Constitutional, "to promote the general welfare." I need not stop to argue that point. But will the colonization scheme work? It works, at long distance, between the Mennonites of Russia and the Mennonite-American (!) colonies of Nebraska. It ought to work between Washington City and the great Interior; between New York and the Golden Wheat Belt; between cultured Boston and a new Boston that needs cultivation; between Chicago and some of the "down in Egypt" prairies toward Cairo.

How will we go about it? First, of course, an appropriation. Let the Colonization Office (to be) at Washington take actual settlers in colonies and settle them along the lines of railroads, with enough help to begin life in the farm-village, or in the farm-township, as it is laid out at present—the farm-village preferred. These people will raise enough to eat at first. After a little while, barring visitations, they will begin to add to the national wealth. Later on, they will pay taxes—but not all the taxes. Would you?

WELL, what about that single tax on land values? I did not expect, in these paragraphs, to run up against it so soon. But it cannot be helped now. Let us apply the single tax remedy. If a cure does result at all, it will not be for some time—no doubt a long time—in the future. The colonization scheme cannot wait very long. Suppose that the remedy did work at once. Land specu-

lators holding land unused would be compelled to sell, you say. To whom? There is a great deal of good land now for sale cheap, and men are not buying. If the unused speculative tracts were sold for the taxes, other speculators, new speculators, would buy them for an amount of money representing two or three years' "annual value" or taxes.

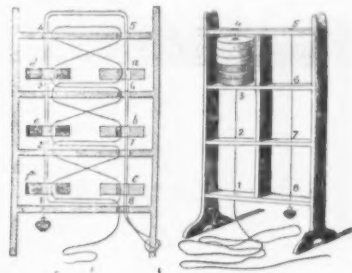
I AM not discussing the single tax just now. That is a great economic doctrine and scheme that cannot be properly discussed in running commentary like this. At some future time I propose to consider the single tax in a formal paper. It is sufficient to insist, in this place, that, for the present emergency, the Government colonization and aid advocated in these columns would be necessary, even if the New Zealand plan were adopted, and even if the single tax did do all that its advocates claim for it. There is plenty of cheap, good land for sale in this country. It is falling into the hands of the stranger. I want to see the unoccupied lands in the possession of our own people, that they may not be homeless in the land that they call their own because they have no other. If the single tax comes along afterward and prevents these holders of the soil from speculating with the lands they hold—well, we will attend to that when the time comes. Let us get the people upon the land first. Let us see a few more million homes of moderate means and independence. Then, if we cannot keep these people from getting too rich any other way, the single tax might be tried.

DANIEL LYONS.

### SCIENCE AND AMUSEMENT.

A CHINESE SCALE.

CONSTRUCT, out of pasteboard or thin wood, a scale composed of three uprights and four horizontal cross-pieces, the result being a frame inclosing six compartments. The cross-pieces are each pierced with two holes, which we will number from 1 to 8. Procure six chessmen, three white, *a b c*, and three black, *d e f*—circular bits of cork or cardboard will do equally well—and pierce a hole through the centre of each. Lastly, take a long cord threaded through a canvas needle, and having a large button attached to one end. This is all the apparatus necessary for the game illustrated in the



accompanying cut. The manner of playing it is as follows: Arrange the chessmen so that a white one is in each compartment to the right and a black in each compartment to the left, the cord passing through the holes in the cross-pieces and the chessmen in their respective order. This gives you a series of 14 holes: 1, *f*; 2, *e*; 3, *d*; 4, 5, *a*; 6, *b*; 7, *c*; and 8.

Now, suppose you wish to modify this arrangement of the pieces; as, for instance, to make the blacks and whites change sides. To do this, pass the needle through 8, *e*; 7, *b*; 6, *a*; 5, 4, *d*; 3, *e*; 2 and *f*. If you were to draw the needle at this moment, the cord, folding back on itself, would pass out of the holes and leave the pieces free. In order to avert this, wind the cord round the lower end of the upright situated under the hole, 8. This done, pass the cord through the holes: *c*, 2; *b*, 3; *a*, 4, 5; *d*, 6; *e*, 7; *f* and 8. Now, free the cord at the bottom of the upright, and ask any one present to draw the button. Instantly, and as if by magic, the blacks and whites change places. A number of interesting combinations may be produced with this apparatus. Suppose one wants to bring all the pieces into the third upper compartment to the left, the blacks under the whites. For this, after having passed the cord through the holes in a reversed sense, as previously, pass it up from below through 2 and 3; thread the three blacks, *d e f*, the three whites, *a b c*, and then pass the cord through 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. Detach the cord below, draw the button, and the problem is solved.

### OUR PUZZLES.

THE first correct solution of the Liberty Bell Puzzle received at this office on June 2, was sent in by Thomas Taylor, of 720 North Forty-ninth Street, West Philadelphia, Pa., and reads as follows:

June 1, 1894.

"ONCE A WEEK," NEW YORK:

The following is my solution of the "Liberty Bell Puzzle" in your last week's paper—

"Such ABEL IADAMERI CAIN EVERY tonEDenoted."

"Such a bell had America in every tone denoted."

Hope I'll be successful.

Yours very truly,

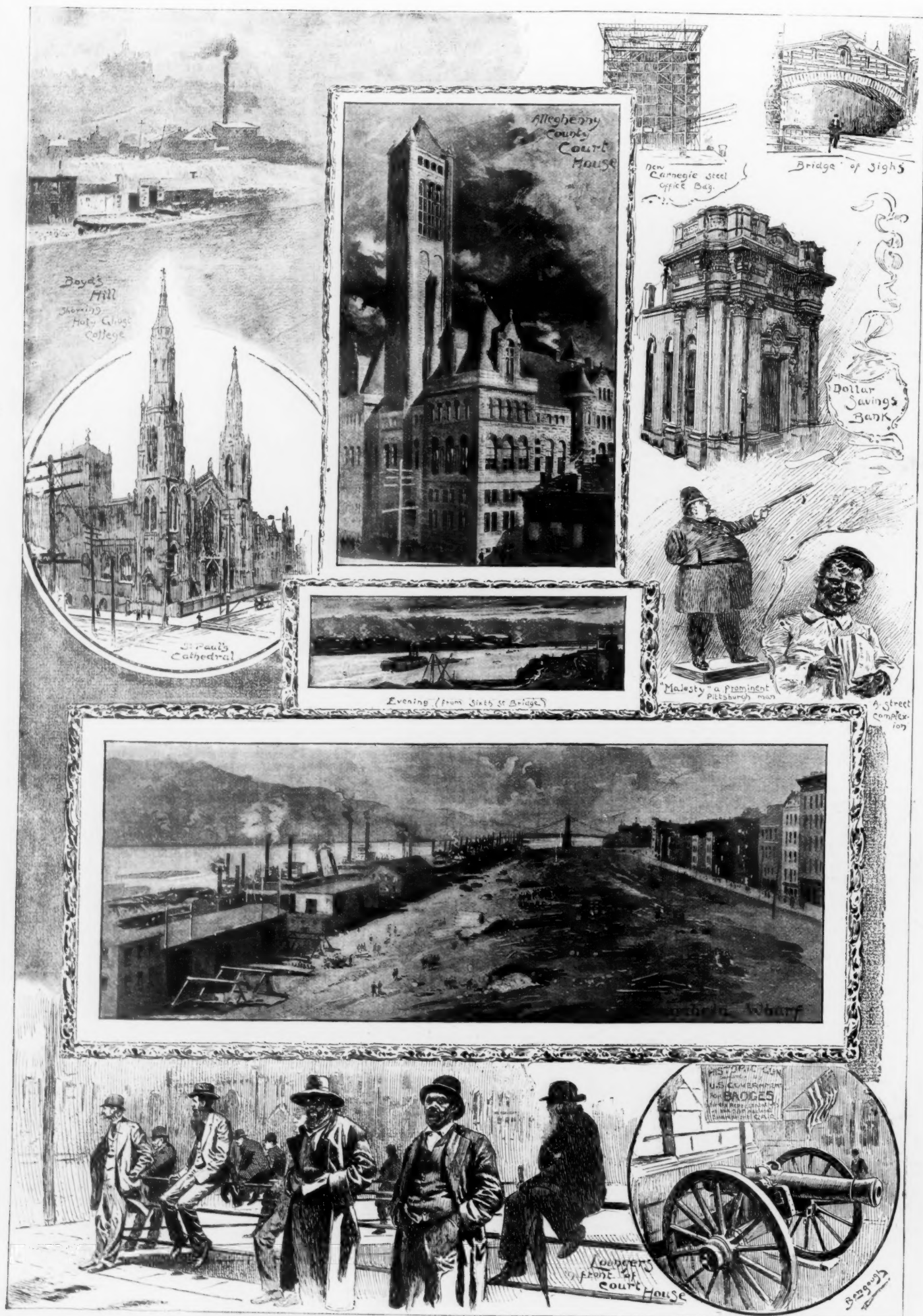
THOMAS TAYLOR,  
A subscriber.

Nearly all the answers received were correct, but many subscribers overlooked the condition named in the announcement of the competition; namely, that solutions should be sent in on or after, but not before, June 2. This provision was necessary in order to give equal chances to all our subscribers, some of whom live at a great distance.

The prize offered—a copy of "Gulliver's Travels"—has been forwarded to Thomas Taylor.

The Musical Competition closed on May 31, a large number of MSS. having been submitted. They are now in the hands of a competent committee, whose names will be given, with their decision, in an early issue of the paper.

With nerves unstrung and heads that ache  
Wise women Bromo-Seltzer take.



IN AND AROUND PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

(See page 7.)

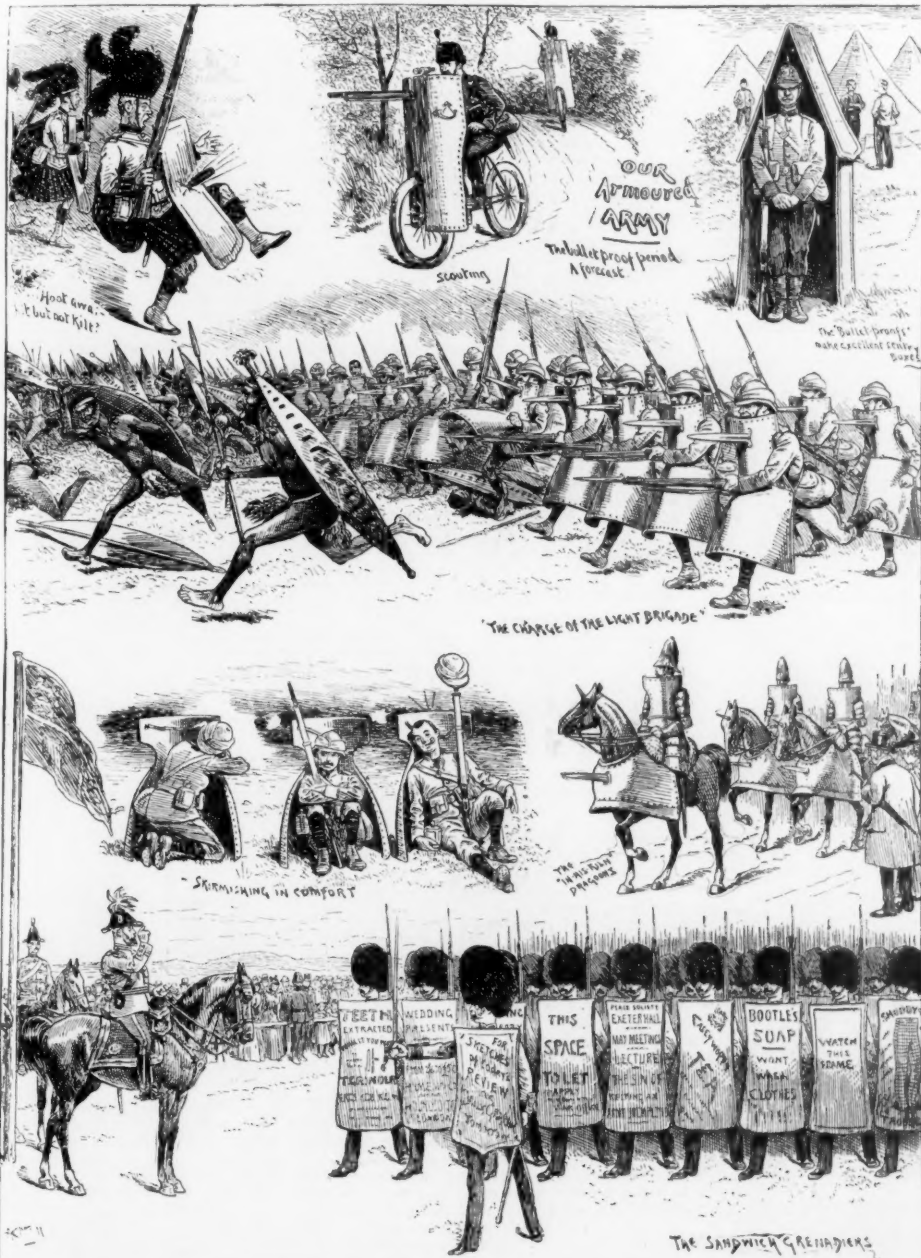


## A Rare Chance to Own a Library at Home.

## H. RIDER HAGGARD.

We have secured for the readers of ONCE A WEEK LIBRARY Four Novels from the pen of this eminent author, all to be published during this year.

THE ONCE A WEEK Library patron will have, before the end of the present year, four of Haggard's new novels, for which we have made special arrangements. They are "Nada," "Montezuma's Daughter," "The Way of the Transgressor," and "The People of the Mist."



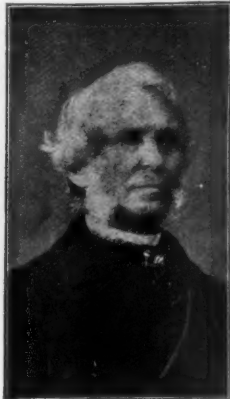
WHAT WE MAY EXPECT IN THE NEAR FUTURE IF WE USE THE BULLET-PROOF ARMOR.—From London Graphic.



NEAL DOW AT 40.



NEAL DOW AT 45.



NEAL DOW AT 50.



NEAL DOW, PRESENT DAY.—(See page 15.)

ANY one of these novels cannot be bought outside of the Library for less than one dollar. One of them, "The Way of the Transgressor," will appear in popular form exclusively in the Library, for it will not be syndicated in this country by the author at all. This is certainly a rare chance to obtain the best new, up-to-date fiction by such writers as H. Rider Haggard.

THE outlay for the authorship alone of these four novels is twenty-four thousand dollars. No expense is spared in obtaining the services of the greatest living authors in this country, in England and on the Continent of Europe.

It has been estimated that more than one-fourth of all the Library novels sent to actual subscribers through the mails at present in the United States are the novels of ONCE A WEEK Library. The news-stand sales of twenty-five-cent and fifty-cent paper-covered novels are falling off every day. These latter are, many of them, very inferior in subject-matter, and are often unfit for publication. One of them, not as good as a Library novel in any respect, will cost more than the four novels of Haggard mentioned above in a full ONCE A WEEK subscription of \$6.50, including ONCE A WEEK one year, the "Life of Washington," and twenty-six new novels in the Library, and payable, \$1 down and fifty cents a month until paid in full.

A COMPLETE list of ONCE A WEEK Library for the past twelve months would show novels that are fit, in point of literary excellence, to be kept in any library in the United States. They are all up to the highest literary standard, and they present such a variety of fiction as can be found in no other literary combination of the day.

IN connection with these novels, in thousands of American homes, will be found also a cloth-bound set of Eliot, Carleton's Novels, Scott's Poems, "Paradise Lost," "The Capitals of the Globe," Balzac, or some one of the other Premiums included in the \$6.50 annual subscription. All persons who are aiming to secure a neat home library of first-class literature at a merely nominal cost, and pay for it on terms that are, practically, at their own convenience, cannot afford to neglect the present opportunity. Standard works can be bought cheap in paper covers and made of very inferior material; but, surely, that is a very unbecoming dress in which to preserve the works of such authors as Milton, Dante, Scott and Byron. We furnish these and other standard authors as Premiums to our subscribers, in substantial library form and profusely illustrated. The novels of the Library cost about four cents each in a full annual subscription of \$6.50; about ten cents each in the special Library subscription of \$2.50 per year. Any of these novels are in convenient form for more substantial binding. They are the best novels of the day, by the best living authors at home and abroad. They are not books of mere passing interest. They will live and will be read by our descendants. The ONCE A WEEK patron who continues from year to year will, in the course of a few years, have quite a nucleus of a library at home. If you wish to know how to make the home library still more complete, drop a line to us here and we will send you fuller particulars as to how you may secure a library of substantially bound volumes of standard English classics and of the best living authors of the day at your own convenience. It is a new departure inaugurated by this publishing house, and we should be pleased to tell you all about it. As usual, and as we do in all the other branches of this business, the purchaser receives the books for his library, we keep the stream of books flowing in all parts of the Union, the books are paid for in time to suit the purchaser and the publisher—and all goes merrily as marriage bells. The homes of the country are filling up with good books.

ONCE A WEEK is a household word. ONCE A WEEK Library has become the chosen medium of communication for the literary magnates of the two Hemispheres and of part of Canada.

## FASHIONS OF THE HOUR.

FOR the pen of Thomas Hood that I might sing a new song of the shirt—not, this time, in a spirit of sorrow and indignation, but with a triumphant sense of victory! For the shirt à la mode is a real trophy which woman has snatched from the other sex, softened, beautified with a tuck here and a frill there, until now it has grown to be the *pièce de résistance* of the summer girl's toilet. I saw a most alluring variety of the newest styles in shirts at Simpson & Crawford's the other day, and wanted very much to buy at least a dozen; but prudential reasons overcame my longings, and I was fain to be satisfied with three. One is navy-blue, dotted with white, and has white turn-over collar and cuffs. The fronts are gathered. There is a tiny fold of navy-blue just inside the edge of the collar and cuffs. The effect is very happy. Another is of coarse-ribbed white piqué, striped with navy-blue. It is stiff-fronted, the stripes being horizontal; the standing collar and the cuffs are of plain white. The cut is beautiful. The third is one of the new holland shirts, for which I have a special fondness. I selected one with white collar and cuffs, as I think the drab shade of the holland is tying next the skin. I wear with it a black satin necktie—for I have mastered the art of tying this newest style of tie in a very smart-looking bow—and believe, I hope not unreasonably, that it looks quite nice with my tailor-made costume of havana covert coating.

I thought to make my last year's sailor hat of sunburned straw, trimmed with black satin rosettes and quills, do duty with this gown; but was unable to resist the charms of the newer boat-shaped hats, which my milliner moreover persuaded me were much more becoming to me; so I invested in a white, or, rather, cream-colored one of very fine straw. It has a slight dent in the crown, and the brim, which is rather wide, curls up at each



side. It has a folded band and bows of black satin for trimming, and a couple of cock's feathers that wave gracefully when I walk. My dearest friend, whom I immediately went to see in all this bravery, remarked severely that some people were aggravatingly self-satisfied when decked in new clothes, and occasionally without reason, too; but even as she spoke I saw an expression of critical approval in her eye as it wandered over the details of my costume, so I was not cast down by the asperity of her remarks.

The shirt in the illustration is of fine holland, with white cambric tabs down the front. I rather fancy those tabs; the effect is quite novel, without being "fussy."

If the old woman who lived in a shoe had had a chance to visit the New York shops, I think her unlucky progeny would have been spared the inhuman treatment to which, according to nursery traditions, they were subjected, simply because she "didn't know what to do." She would have found a delightful occupation in going through the "juvenile" departments and selecting pretty frocks and suits for girls and boys of all sizes and ages. A few of these enticing novelties are shown in the group on this page. That is a pretty sea-side frock of blue serge on the little girl. It is smocked and

trimmed with rows of narrow white braid. One of the boys wears a neat and practical suit of colored drill, and the other a pretty blouse of holland. The girl who is represented sitting down wears a frock of navy-blue canvas, with vest, revers and lower part of sleeves in white cloth, trimmed with navy-blue braid. A black satin ribbon is tied round the waist with long loops and ends. The girl beside her has on a comfortable-looking little reefer of light brown cloth, with pretty white pearl buttons.

That pretty evening-gown is of taffeta silk, patterned with pink and mauve flowers, and is made with a polonaise fastening over on one side to display an under-petticoat of accordion-plaited mauve crepe de chine, the plaiting also trimming the décolletage, which shows a small chemisette of lace in the front, and is decorated by a bunch of pink roses on the left shoulder.

The fashion of to-day decrees that widows shall wear much white mingled with the otherwise sombre heaviness of all crape garments. My taste heartily commends the innovation. A very handsome costume for a widow is shown in the accompanying cut. The material used is



PRETTY COSTUMES FOR CHILDREN



Venetian crepe cloth, with narrow folds of straight crepe on the hem. The vest and plastron, as well as the lower part of the sleeves, are of white chiffon. The entire gown is lined with stiff black silk. The cap, which is less worn here than in England and Canada, is of fine white muslin. These can be had with or without the flowing ends at all the best milliners', at prices ranging from two and a half to eight dollars.

I trust it is hardly necessary to remind my readers that almost no jewelry should

be worn with out-door dress. An exception to this rule is made in favor of scarfpins. Two or even three pretty ones may be used to fasten down a long necktie. Golden cornelian jewelry is appropriate for the morning, being simple and unobtrusive in effect. Men still hold fast by the quiet pearl, but a little more latitude is allowed to feminine wearers.



## ABOUT WOMEN.

THE PRINCESS ALIX, who has lately been betrothed to the Czarévitch, is said, by one who knows her well, to have thus announced her engagement to the Queen: "Grandmama, Nicholas has asked me to marry him and we have come to ask your blessing."

MISS ELLEN TERRY, who is now in London, will shortly appear in a new play written by John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie) and Mr. George Moore. These two well-known writers have just gained additional notoriety by their joint publication, "The Yellow Book," a magazine of fearful and wonderful make-up, out of which, it appears, Miss Terry evolved the idea for the play which has since been written for her.

MILLE LOUISE DE LA RAMEE, better known as "Ouida," is in serious financial difficulties. She was recently forced to sell all her furniture and belongings, including various collections of interesting and valuable *objets d'art*, of which she is a finished connoisseur. She parted with all her treasures except her dogs, of which she has several of fine breed. A very interesting and lengthy article from her pen appears in the current number of the *Pall Mall Magazine*. It is entitled *O Beati Insipientes*. It fulminates against that species of modern vulgarity which pursues men of genius with relentless curiosity, and lays bare before the eyes of the world the most sacred secrets of their lives and souls. It is a thoughtful article, but, Ouida-like, runs a little to extremes in places, as when it is asserted that "The interviewer is the vilest spawn of the most ill-bred age which the world has yet seen. If he be received, when he intrudes, with the toe of the boot, he has but his fitting reception."

LADY HENRY SOMERSET, in an address delivered before the British Women's Temperance Association last month, made the following remarks on the "Revolt of the Daughters," which show that to a certain extent she sympathizes with the aspirations of girls toward a broader life than that of the home circle:

"We would that all young women should revolt if it means that they break asunder the cords and trammels that bind them to a useless life; if it means that they realize that their time and talents, their money and their opportunities are not their own, but are trusts that will be required of them again. We do not believe that it is dutiful to parents to be unfaithful to God; or that home calls can outweigh altogether the calls of the community, but that every rational being having attained adult age is obliged to respond to that voice of conscience that bids us ask ourselves whether we are fulfilling our true mission in the world. The answer conscientiously given may not always mean that our daughters are to leave the round of home duties and go out to take public work, but assuredly it must mean that they cannot allow their individuality to be entirely absorbed by those surface conventionalities that are a bondage to so many lives. It is time for the mothers to reconsider their daughters' responsibilities, and to give them a glad and willing co-operation in all work and aim that shall broaden and deepen the best influences of their lives."

"Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar?" said the lawyer to the witness.

"Sir," replied the latter, with deep feeling, "I am a strict temperance man."

Jones—"I suppose you drink a bottle of that red wine each day for your stomach's sake?"

Smith—"No, I drink a bottle of red wine each day for the sake of the red wine."

"ONCE A WEEK journal has become a great favorite with the masses. It has taken the place of the higher priced weeklies and extended its circulation into regions where, before its existence, no such paper was ever found. Though cheaper than the older weeklies it is not inferior in the quality of its illustrations and literary character."—From the "Voice" of Bingham City, Utah (May 17).



## Walking, Riding,

or in any occupation incidental to a woman's life, from childhood to motherhood, comfort, grace and health are secured by using the

## FERRIS' GOOD SENSE Corset Waists.

Worn by over a million mothers, misses and children. Clasp buckle at hip for hose supporters. Tape-fastened buttons. Cord-edge button holes. Various shapes—long, short or medium. For sale by all Leading Retailers. Marshall Field & Co. Chicago. Western Wholesale Depot. Send for illustrated circular to

## FERRIS BROS.,

Manufacturers, 341 Broadway, N. Y. Branch Office: 537 Market St., San Francisco.



## A Few Ladies

wanted who can keep a secret. \$5 to \$10 a day can be made easily and honorably at home. Address Lady Manager, Egyptian Drug Co., 39 Park Row, New York.

MUSICIANS should never be drinkers. For fear they might go too far, And thus get into the habit Of drinking at every bar.



## THE GREAT TEMPERANCE AGITATOR.

GENERAL NEAL DOW, who, by some friends, has been likened to Gladstone, made his appearance, on the 3d inst., in the Auditorium, Prohibition Park, Staten Island, New York, the occasion being a celebration of his ninetieth birthday by the International Temperance Congress. Neal Dow has been to America almost what the famous temperance apostle, Father Mathew, was to Ireland. He has been one of the strongest, most consistent and persevering of all the enemies of spirituous intoxication who have appeared during the nineteenth century.

This Moses of the temperance agitators, male and female, in the United States and Great Britain, was only respectfully educated in Portland, Me., at the beginning of the century—not a learned man, not one of riches, not an orator or holding a gifted pen, but a character exhibiting a plain mind, an iron will, brimful of assertive authority, and carrying the signal of command. Neal Dow, when at the meridian of life, was not possessed of a majestic or magnetic appearance; for he was only five feet seven inches high, fairly well-proportioned in figure; had dark hair, a square forehead, without anything remarkable to indicate supremacy of mind over matter; ponderous eyebrows, prominent cheek-bones, and complexion dark. His mouth and chin pronounced him to be a man of obstinate firmness. There was in those days, said one of his friends, "a sort of Come on, I-am-ready-for-you look about his face, which afforded unmistakable evidence that he had set up a Gibraltar against the onslaughts of the liquor traffic." Qualities like these seem to have been among the essentials of every successful leader of a movement in this Western world, and this becomes apparent by even a casual study of the careers of the veteran chieftains who still linger among us, or have recently passed away. Dow was a tanner by trade, not particularly devoted to piety, but something of a universal religionist. Although the son of a Quaker and educated in a Quaker acad-

emy, young Neal had a decidedly belligerent disposition, and finally, after a legislative career in Maine, when he placed on the statute-book of that far Northeastern State Total Prohibition, or "The Maine Liquor Law," and the Civil War broke out, he took the Thirtieth Maine Volunteers, as colonel, to join the forces of General Butler at New Orleans. He soon became a brigadier-general, was wounded twice, and finally captured by the Confederates and sent to Libby Prison, in Richmond.

In this famous old tobacco factory, about which cluster so many memories uncanny and revolting, almost within a stone's throw of the Presidential mansion of Jefferson Davis, General Neal Dow was held a prisoner for eight months, while all that was noxious and pestiferous in air, food, clothing and water prevailed, and when ingenious escapes were of frequent occurrence, entailing severe discipline on those remaining in Libby. Neal Dow was the ranking officer among the fourteen hundred there confined. Said Major George Garrett, of the Philadelphia Cavalry, a fellow-prisoner of Dow's, the other evening to the writer: "Neal Dow, during the eight months we were in Libby, was subjected to many practical jokes, much to his chagrin and annoyance, for he was quite conscious of his military importance. He was constantly spouting temperance, and took up the position of Sir Oracle to the rest of the officers on all occasions. While we were practically rotting, unclean, ragged, underfed on the coarsest of provender, General Dow would wander along the narrow aisle—which was the only passageway between the officers' feet, as they lay down on the bare floor at night, shoulder to shoulder, without a foot of space in the large room to spare—hammer in hand, killing vermin and pounding in exposed tacks and nails, while from distance would come the cry:

"Neal Dow! Neal Dow! take a nap!"

"Neal Dow, bring us a cocktail!"

"At this the irate warrior would threaten all sorts of future punishments for indignities to his rank, but it is safe to say they were never adjudicated on by a court-martial."

Neal Dow's famous Maine Liquor Law, as finally adopted, and called "a bill for the suppression of drinking-houses and tippling-shops," came into operation just forty-three years ago, and yet drunkenness, instead of diminishing, has largely increased, even considering the growth of population, while intoxicants are sold openly in nearly every township of the State. Such is the verdict of statistical inquiry, re-enforced by the records of the local magistrates. *Cui bono?* This is the natural question. The answer would seem to go back to the age of the Greek philosophers who formulated wisdom something in this way: "Repressive measures only serve to aggravate the evils they are intended to remove."

In essence the Maine Law declared, and declares, that intoxicating drinks shall not be made and sold to be used as a beverage, in Maine; that an agent shall be appointed in each city or town to sell spirits for mechanical and medicinal purposes only; that common sellers shall be fined heavily and imprisoned for persisting in violating the law; that no lawless juror shall be allowed to sit as juror in a rum suit; that liquor shall be searched for, seized, and destroyed; and in litigated cases if the verdict be against the defendant, he shall suffer a double fine and imprisonment.

Notwithstanding the comparative failure of the Maine Law, there is no doubt that Neal Dow has exercised a stronger and more practical influence in favor of temperance in the United States and Great Britain than any man of his time, except, perhaps, the great Father Mathew. John B. Gough had other methods, and always spoke for dollars, while Dow had far-reaching schemes in legislation, particularly in England; and it is not recorded of him that he made Temperance or Prohibition a stalking-horse on the way to fortune. On his ninetieth birthday this was the cable dispatch sent him from an anniversary meeting in Exeter Hall, London, signed by Lady Somerset, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Canon Wilberforce, Mr. Price-Hughes and other distinguished reformers:

"To GENERAL NEAL DOW—A mighty throng, gathered in Exeter Hall, crowns your ninety beneficent years with love and gratitude."

Neal Dow in his nineties preserves the same serious and stolid qualities which enables a man to live and die in the same pursuit in which he started sixty years ago. He has a comfortable home in Portland, surrounded by his offspring, and still keeps up an active interest in what he believes will be the ultimate destiny of mankind—total abstinence from intoxicants in every form. A Kossuth in tenacity, a Garrison and Cromwell in determination, he will remain aggressive until the light goes out on what seems

to be the hopeless task of regulating the appetites of men and women by prohibitory legislation.

A reporter of the New York *Tribune*, who interviewed him last week, said to him:

"You look like Mr. Gladstone."

"Ah," responded General Dow, "there surely must be some truth in that, so many people have told me. But," and there was a tone of regret in his voice as he said this, "I do not eat my own words as Mr. Gladstone does. He has done more to advance the cause of intemperance by reason of his great influence and popularity than any man that I know of. Don't you remember the bill that he sought to have passed through Parliament permitting grogshops to be established on all the trains throughout the land? I admire Mr. Gladstone greatly, but I tell you—"

Whether the veteran agitator really resembles Mr. Gladstone or not, facially, every reader can judge for himself by the portraits published elsewhere in these columns, representing him at different ages.—(See page 13.)

## DOWDY FACES.

THERE are so many of them! Characterless, colorless, hopelessly uninteresting, and sad to behold, since they are surely the indices of dull, eventless lives. The eyes are lustreless—mere organs of vision, seeming to see what passes before them without looking at anything; the lips are slovenly, devoid of any expression, or else set in one of indolence or vacuity; the hair is generally lifeless in tone and tasteless in arrangement, the skin is muddy, and the teeth neglected. What an affliction for any human being to have to go through life thus handicapped by unintelligent and ill-assorted features; or, rather, what an affliction for those who have to look upon such faces day after day, perhaps sit opposite them at table, and depend upon them for the smile of fellowship or the glance of sympathy and encouragement!

Are there any who are drifting unresistingly into that dreary dowdiness of face which I have but just outlined in these few words? To fill in the picture completely would be too "blue" a study for this lovely June-day. If so, and that these few words should meet their eyes, let them be moved by an earnest appeal to arrest, in time, the fatal tendency that is threatening to rob them of all interest in the eyes of their fellow creatures. A "dowdy" face is not the fault of Nature, nor even of circumstances, though these may have gone far toward producing it. It is the result of a sluggish temperament, the inertia of indolence, of selfishness, of a lack of self-esteem and personal ambition. It denotes a mind unoccupied with noble thoughts, a heart unstirred by generous impulses, a conscience unwrinkled by the remembrance of lost opportunities, the neglect of imperative duties. No one who has a love of country or of home, no one who reads good books, or performs deeds of mercy, no one who is mindful of the dignity of human nature and the possibilities of life, who is fond of flowers and children, who can see in every running brook, in every tree and stone, the evidence of a higher than human power—none of these will have the blank, unpromising, unimpressible faces I have called "dowdy."

To many are denied the delicate bloom of a rare complexion, the sheen of bright hair, the brilliancy of beautiful eyes. But to none is the cultivation of a refined and pleasing expression impossible. Truth and steadfastness, honor, courage, gentleness and laudable ambition—all these are attributes within the reach of the multitude, and their daily practice suffices to communicate to the face of him or her who cultivates them a kind of beauty that fascinates, and holds longer than any accidental charm of color or outline.

G. G.

## "TABASCO," AT THE BROADWAY.

"TABASCO," the comic opera which Thomas Q. Seabrooke is starring at the Broadway, will "move on" to Chicago, June 23. The company is Seabrooke's own; he made it up after his success two years ago in Bill Nye's "Cadi." ONCE A WEEK's pretty pictures in next number graphically portray some of the scenes which have made the opera a success. R. A. Barnet, author of "1492," wrote "Tabasco's" libretto, and the scenes are

## FITS CURED

(From U. S. Journal of Medicine.) Prof. W. H. Peck, who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any living Physician; his success is astonishing. We have heard of cases of 20 years' standing cured by him. He publishes a valuable work on this disease which he sends with a large bottle of his absolute cure, free to any sufferer who may send their P.O. and Express address. We advise anyone wishing a cure to address, Prof. W. H. PECK, P. O. 4 Cedar St., New York.

laid in Tanquiers. The Grand Pasha loves hot dishes. He gives the Chief Cook till 11 P.M. to make a burning-hot dish. If the dish is not forthcoming the Chief Cook must die. Two English tramps come along in the nick of time with "Tabasco" sauce—the hottest sauce on earth—and, of course, all is well with the Chief Cook. The Broadway has always run some nice light show during the summer; but this summer it will close, along with two or three hitherto all-summer theatres, presumably for repairs. But theatre-managers have not waxed rich this season, and there's money for the summer in a closed house.



## BY "A BLUE APRON."

**BABKA: A POLISH DISH.**—Beat up eight eggs in about one pint and a half of milk, to which the juice of one lemon has been added; this will produce a cheese-like mixture, which must be well strained. Work into this some bread crumbs, soaked in cream, and slightly squeezed, also one pound of butter and the yolks of two eggs. This must be stirred in a large bowl, continuously and in the same direction, for at least three-quarters of an hour. Next, add about four ounces of crushed cream cheese, the same quantity of almonds, peeled and chopped (not too finely), and the whites of twelve eggs, whisked to a froth. Pour this mixture into a high mold, stopping occasionally during the process to allow the mixture to rise as much as it naturally needs to do. Bake in a moderately hot and very even oven, and send it to the table well covered with caster sugar.

**TOMATO SAMBALL.**—Choose nice, rich, fleshy tomatoes. Pour boiling water over them, and remove the skin. Then slice them very thin, mix with them salt, chopped onion and green chili to taste (if not in season, pickled chilies do as well), squeeze the juice of a lemon over it, and serve with curry of any kind.

## FREE—FREE A GRAND OFFER.

MME. A. RUPPERT'S FACE BLEACH.

MME. A. RUPPERT says: "I appreciate the fact that there are thousands and thousands of ladies in the United States that would like to try my World-renowned Face Bleach, but have been kept from doing so on account of the price, which is \$2.00 per bottle, or 3 bottles taken together \$5.00. In order that all of these may have an opportunity, I will give to every caller, absolutely free during this month, a sample bottle, and in order to supply those living outside of the city, or in any part of the world, I will send it safely packed, plain wrapper, all charges prepaid, on receipt of 25c. silver or stamps."

Address all communications or call on MADAME A. RUPPERT, 6 E. 14th St., N. Y.

Save Money, Time and Trouble and Cure CATARRH by using Ely's Cream Balm. APPLY BALM INTO THE NOSTRIL. Price 50 cents. Druggists.

**14 KARAT GOLD PLATE**

GET THIS OUT and send it to us with your name and address and we will send you this watch by express for examination. A guarantee for 5 years and chain and charm sent with it. You examine it and if you think it is a bargain pay our sample price, \$2.75, and it is yours. It is beautifully engraved and warranted the best time-keeper in the world for the money and equal in appearance to a genuine Solid Gold Watch. Write to-day, this offer will not appear again.

**THE NATIONAL MFG. & IMPORTING CO.,**  
334 DEARBORN STREET,  
CHICAGO, ILL.

If You Want a **BICYCLE** WRITE US AND SAVE \$10 TO \$50. SURE! STOKES MFG. CO. CHICAGO, ILL.

Agents! \$30 to \$75 weekly. New Patent Ink Erasing Pencil. Great seller. Frills immense. Monroe Eraser Mfg. Co., 113 La Crosse, Wis.

My **ELECTRIC BELT** sent on TRIAL. FREE Give size. Dr. Judd, Detroit, Mich. Want ag'ts. **AGENTS** **OPIMUM** Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 30 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. STEPHENS, London - Ohio.

**Ayer's**  
WAS  
THE ONLY  
**Sarsaparilla**

ADMITTED AT

THE  
**World's Fair.**  
GET  
The Best.

**THINK 2 THINKS**  
IN CHOOSING DRINKS AND  
**HIRES' Rootbeer**  
WILL LINK YOUR THINKS.  
Deliciously Exhilarating, Sparkling, Effervescent. Wholesome as well. Purifies the blood, tickles the palate. Ask your store-keeper for it. Get the Genuine.  
Send 2 cent stamp for beautiful picture cards and book.  
**THE CHAS. E. HIRES CO.,**  
Philadelphia.

**HOME STUDY.** Book-keeping, Penmanship, Business Forms, Arithmetic, Short-hand, etc., thoroughly taught by MAIL. Short rates. Trial Lesson and Catalogue. **BRYANT & STRATTON** 45 Lafayette St., Buffalo, N. Y.

**FREE MUSIC** 156 pieces, latest Sheet Music and charming illustrated Magazine 5 months; all for 10 cents; send silver dime. **American Nation**, Box 1728, Boston, Mass.

**\$30 A WEEK** guaranteed ladies who write for us. Home. No canvassing. Receive stamp. Woman's Co-Operative Toilet Co. (Inc) Milwaukee, WI

**\$4.50 Per 1000** CASES for distribution elsewhere. Exclusive stamp. U.S. Distributing Bureau, Chicago



PATIENT—"I've taken all the medicine you sent me, except this one bottle, and I don't seem to feel any better."  
 BACKWOOD'S DOCTOR—"Yours must be an aggravated case. Farmer Acorn's cow was took down at the same time as you wuz, an' I giv' her just the same med'ine exactly, and it cured her."



**Gum Chicle** brought from Mexico, is the base of nearly all the chewing gum made in America. 450 Mexicans, working as hard as they know how for a whole year will about collect 500,000 pounds, hardly enough to furnish PRIMLEY with a year's supply for making California Fruit Chewing Gum.

THE PUREST AND SWEETEST GUM MADE.

Sold by all dealers. Ask for Primley's and take no other.

Send five outside wrappers of either California Fruit or Primley's Peppin Chewing Gum, with two 2-cent stamps, and we will send you "The Master of Ballantree," by Stevenson, or any other one of our 1700 fine books. Send for list.  
 "America Photographed," in 20 parts, each part contains 16 beautiful pictures 11 x 16 in. Any single part sent for one wrapper and six cents.

J. P. PRIMLEY, Chicago.



THIS IS A SCENE IN THE  
**YELLOWSTONE PARK.**

YOU CAN GO THERE AND RETURN

FROM	IN	AT A COST OF	INCLUDING ALL NECESSARY EXPENSES.
NEW YORK	14 DAYS	\$215.00	
CHICAGO	12 DAYS	160.00	
ST. PAUL	10 DAYS	130.00	

SEND ME SIX CENTS IN STAMPS FOR INDIANLAND AND WONDERLAND, OUR TOURIST BOOKLET.

CHAS. S. FEE,  
 GEN. PASS. AND TICKET AGENT,  
 ST. PAUL, MINN.

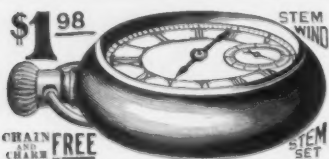
## VILLA MARIA ACADEMY,

139 E. 79th Street, corner Lexington Avenue,  
 NEW YORK CITY.

This institution, under the direction of the Nuns of the Congregation de Notre Dame (Montreal), is a select and limited school for young ladies desirous of pursuing any branch of higher education. A special inducement is here offered to those who would acquire a thorough and practical knowledge of the French language. Drawing, Painting, Vocal Music, Type-writing and Stenography taught by Professors holding Testimonials of superior ability from many of the American Clergy. There is also an Elementary Course. A few young lady boarders can be accommodated in the Convent. Reopens September 8. For terms and particulars apply to

THE LADY SUPERIOR.

\$1.98



CHAIN FREE

CUT THIS OUT and send it to us with your name and address, and we will send you this elegant watch by express for examination. You examine it and if you consider it a bargain pay the express agent our sample price, \$1.98, and it is yours. Fine gold plate chain and charm FREE with each watch, also our written guarantee for 5 years. Write to-day, this may not appear again.  
 THE NATIONAL MFG. & IMPORTING CO.,  
 334 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

**DO YOU WANT WORK?**  
 We can put you in the way of making from \$20 to \$50 weekly, in any locality, if you apply at once; no peddling, women succeed as well as men. No hawking, we mean just what we say. Address at once for full particulars.  
 "Man's" Box 5308, Boston, Mass.

**DRUNKENNESS** is a DISEASE, it can be cured. Dr. Haines' Golden Specific. It can be given without the knowledge of the patient, if desired, in coffee, tea or articles of food. Cures guaranteed. Send for circulars. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, O.  
 "The Only Cure. Beware of Imitators."



## POND'S EXTRACT

IS INVALUABLE FOR

RHEUMATISM, WOUNDS, BRUISES, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, PILES, SORE EYES, CATARRH, ALL PAIN AND INFLAMMATIONS AND HEMORRHAGES.

1848.

1893.

The effect of Pond's Extract in calming and quieting pain is surprising. It is a remedy perfectly invaluable, so soothing and healing in its action. It not merely relieves, but cures all sorts of Aches, Pains and Inflammations.

JOHN C. SPENCER, Sec. of War.

I can frankly say that Pond's Extract stands at the head of all medicines of its kind. I have used it in my own family with good effect, and my neighbors have used it with extremely gratifying results.

ROBERT J. REYNOLDS, Gov. of Delaware.

BEWARE of imposition. Take POND'S EXTRACT only. See landscape Trade-mark on buff wrapper. Sold only in our own bottles. All druggists.  
 POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.



Wheeling companionship

makes doubly beneficial the healthful exercise of bicycle riding. Mounted on

TRUSTY RAMBLERS

there is an added sense of security.

"EVERY RAMBLER IS GUARANTEED."

HIGHEST GRADE MADE.

Catalogue free at Rambler agencies, or by mail for two 2-cent stamps. GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.

Chicago. Boston. Washington. New York.

## THE TEXAS CHAIR CAR ROUTE.



WAGNER PALACE SLEEPING CARS

AND

FREE RECLINING CHAIR CARS

ON ALL TRAINS.

For information, maps, etc., apply to  
 JAMES BARKER,  
 GEN. PASS. AND TICKET AGENT, ST. LOUIS, MO.



On which All World's Championships OF '92 AND '93 WERE WON,

are the strongest wheels, as well as the lightest made. The 28 pound road wheel and 18-pound racer are the firmest, speediest, safest, lightest wheels known. The RALEIGH bearings are unequalled for light-running qualities. For catalogue address

THE RALEIGH CYCLE CO., 2801-3 7th Ave., New York.

289 Wabash Ave., Chicago.



THE GREAT EYE BEAUTIFIER

Assures Brillancy, Beauty and Strength to the eye. Cures Bloodshot, Red and Diseased Eyelids. Guaranteed harmless. Send for pamphlet.

L. SHAW'S and Waves, \$3.00 Up.

Wavy Hair, Switches, all Long Convent Hair \$3.00 Up.

Pamphlet, "How to be Beautiful," sent free.

L. SHAW, 54 W. 14th Street, New York.

\$2.75 Buys our \$9 Natural Finish Baby Carriage complete with plated steel wheels, axle, springs, and one piece steam best handle. Made of best material, finely finished, reliable and guaranteed for 5 years. Shipped on 10 days' trial. FREIGHT PAID; no money required in advance. \$5.00 in use. We are the oldest and best known carriage makers of our kind, reliable and responsible. Refuse to furnish many times. Make and sell nothing but what we guarantee to be superior, and at the lowest factory price. WRITE TO-DAY for our large FREE illustrated catalogue of latest designs and prices published.

OXFORD MFG. CO., 340 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

## \$5.00 IN GOLD

Presented to any person sending Five Subscriptions to



THE GREAT DEMOCRATIC WEEKLY of New York.

Containing timely, interesting matter relative to subjects

POLITICAL, SOCIAL AND HUMOROUS.

Subscription, postpaid, \$4.00 a year. Sample copies sent on application. Address

TAMMANY TIMES CO.,  
 Opposite Tammany Hall, New York City.

## DEER PARK AND OAKLAND

ON THE CREST OF THE ALLEGANIES.

(MAIN LINE B. & O. R. R.)

SEASON OPENS JUNE 28d, 1894.

Rates, \$60, \$75 and \$90 a month, according to location. Address  
 GEORGE D. DESHIELDS, Manager,  
 Cumberland, Md., up to June 10, after that date, either Deer Park or Oakland, Garrett County, Md.



FAT FOLKS reduced, 15 lbs. a month, any one can make remedy at home. Miss M. Umphrey, Tekamah, Neb., says: "I lost 50 lbs. and feel splendid." No starving. No sickness. Pills (sealed) 2c. Hall Co., A.G., Box 404, St. Louis, Mo.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED by the only reliable method. No harm. No loss of time. No expense. Write for book of proof.

## DETECTIVES

Wanted in every county to act in the Secret Service under instructions from Capt. Grannan, ex-Chief Detectives of Cincinnati. Experience not necessary. Established 11 years. Particulars free. Address Grannan Detective Bureau Co., 44 Arcade, Cincinnati, O. The methods and operations of this Bureau investigated and found lawful by United States Government.

## Garfield Tea

Cures Sick Headache, Restores Complacency, Saves Doctors' Bills. Sample free. GARFIELD TEA CO., 318 W. 43rd St., N.Y.

## Cures Constipation

HEALTH If lost, consult Dr. M. T. SALTER, 63 S. Broad St., Atlanta, Ga. Correspondence solicited. Do not DELAY

HOROSCOPES. Nativities cast and on application to "NEPTUNE," care of F. O. Box 1996 New York.

WOMEN WHO CAN CROCHET and have a few hours' spare time can get work to do AT HOME to occupy their spare time PROFITABLY. Address L. WHITE & CO., 29 STATE ST., CHICAGO